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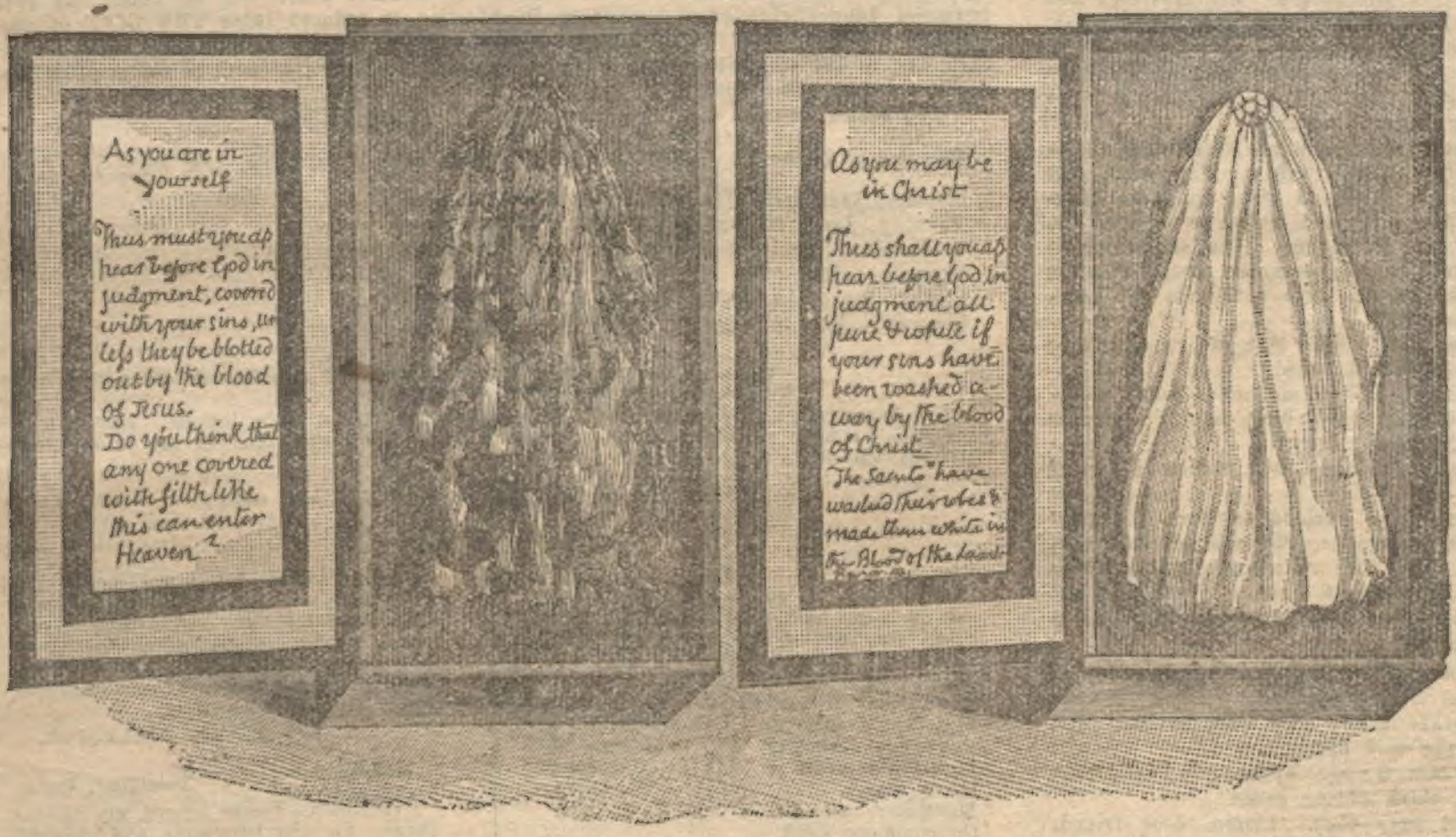
As you are in yourself
Thus must you appear before God in judgment, covered with your sins, unless they be blotted out by the blood of Jesus.
Do you think that any one covered with filth like this can enter Heaven?
As you may be in Christ
Thus shall you appear before God in judgment all pure & white if your sins have been washed away by the blood of Christ
The Saints "have washed their robes & made them white in the Blood of the Lamb"

The Mysterious Box and What I Found in it.

('Friendly Greetings.')

Rat-tat, rat-tat. It is the postman. It is not the postman I want to see so much as the letter or parcel he has brought, and sure enough he pronounces my name, and a small brown-paper parcel is handed to me.

It comes just a few days before the anniversary of my birthday, and as I look at the handwriting, I see it is from the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A.

A birthday present, surely. I at once untie the string, and there, what do I see? A cigar-box. A strange present, you say. What does it contain? I open it, and what do you think meets my view? A dirty, filthy piece of rag, made up into the form of a garment, all spotted and stained. It looked for all the world as though a man had been handling black, tarred coal-sacks, and desiring to cleanse his dirty fingers from the stains, had wiped them upon a rag, and thrust it into a box. What did it mean? Ah! here's an explanation on the cover. I read,

'As you are in yourself. Thus must you appear before God in judgment, covered with your sins, unless they be blotted out by the blood of Jesus. Do you think that any one covered with filth like this can enter heaven?'

I turn the box over and have another look at it, and I discover it has a second lid on the other side. I open this, and there, with a red back-ground, lies a spotlessly white garment. What does this mean? I have not far to look for an explanation, for on the lid I have just opened are the words,

'As you may be in Christ. Thus shall you appear before God in judgment. All pure and white, if your sins have been washed away by the blood of Christ. The saints "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."' (Rev. vii., 14.)

I would like the reader in imagination to accompany me and the little cigar-box into some of the coal depots I visit. Work is slack just now, and a group of men quickly gather round me. Taking out my little box, their curiosity, I produce the dirty, filthy, piece of ward to see.

Some say, 'Why, it's cigars'; 'No,' says a second, 'it's a new Bible he's got,' and a third exclaims, 'It's tracts.' Having excited their curiousity, I produce the dirty, filthy, piece rag, and read the explanation on the lid, 'As you are in yourself,' and then I quote Isaiah lxiv., 6, 'We are all as an unclean thing and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.' Yes, all without any exception, as the Psalmist says (xiv., 3.)

Every eye is now fixed upon the box, and placing the filthy rag by the side of the white garment, I say to one of my audience, 'Which describes your condition?' He replies:—

'Well, ter tell you the truth, I'm not so bad as this first one, nor am I as good as the second one. I'm neither one nor t'other; I'm something in between the two.'

I reply by telling him that there are only two ways described in the word of God, viz.: 'The broad and the narrow.' 'There are only two masters.' There are only two conditions: Possessing 'everlasting life,' or under 'the wrath of God.' There are but two destinations to which we are all hastening, heaven or hell, for there is no neutrality in religion. We must either be for or against Christ.

Doing things by half.—I hate to see a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

How the Minister's Salary Was Raised.

(Susan Hubbard Martin, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

The minister's little wife, although a sweet, gentle woman, had decided ideas of her own. She went hand in hand with the minister in every good work, but there were things in the church of which she did not approve. She liked social meetings and she was kind and friendly at all times, but she often questioned in her own heart whether the ways and means of raising money for the church were quite acceptable to her God; but in other channels she was indeed a faithful helper. She was always at prayer meeting, she taught in Sunday school, she never failed to attend the Aid meeting and the Missionary Society. If she ever felt the deprivations of the small salary and the struggle necessary to keep up the little parsonage, no one ever heard her say anything about it.

She prepared the plain meals, she made over the old clothes, she mended and darned and sewed and she did it so cheerfully, one never guessed that at times, the sweet smile hid a heartache; for she never spoke of it.

'God has placed us here,' she would tell the children, 'so we must not dishonor Him by complaining.'

Burdens pressed a little heavier now than usual, for the salary fell behind and more sacrifices had to be made.

The ladies were talking over the situation one afternoon in the church parlors. For a wonder, the minister's wife was not there. 'Yes,' said young Mrs. Granger, 'we are two hundred short in the salary this year. The treasurer told me so. We'll have to make it up.'

'But how?' spoke up another.

'I've just been thinking,' replied Mrs.

Granger briskly, 'and if all goes well, we can do it in this way. We'll give a supper at the parsonage, and get the minister's wife to help. She does make such lovely rolls; and then afterward, we'll have a postoffice and a grab bag—sell chances you know.'

'A grab bag,' chorused the ladies, 'but do you think the minister's wife will approve of it?'

'Oh, she won't object,' easily replied Mrs. Granger, 'she'll be so glad to get the back salary and—'

'You'll have to tell her,' spoke up Mrs. Hastings in a decided tone. Mrs. Hastings was a plump little woman with quite white hair and a motherly face.

'Very well,' was the reply; so that was how Mrs. Granger happened to drop in at the parsonage the next morning.

She found the minister's wife darning stockings by the sunny window. The work was done and she wore a clean gingham dress and a white collar and looked every inch the lady she was in it, too. The skilful small hands moved rapidly over the rents. Darning was one of the fine arts with her; she practiced it so much.

'Good morning,' said Mrs. Granger, taking the chair pushed forward.

'Busy as ever? Well, we ladies had a meeting yesterday and we have figured out how to raise the back salary.'

'Have you,' replied the minister's wife,' gently.

'Oh, yes—we've decided to have a supper here at the parsonage. We will all help you, of course, and then afterward in the evening, you know; we'll have a post-office and a grab bag. You have to pay so much for a parcel and for a grab.'

The ministers' little wife looked across at her visitor. Her cheeks were flushed. 'I cannot co-operate in any such plans as that, Mrs. Granger,' she said firmly.

'What!' Mrs. Granger opened her round blue eyes; 'but think of the cause.'

'I cannot help that. Listen, dear friend. Much as we need it, I would rather do without the salary, than resort to that kind of means to get it. I have never murmured when the money fell short—my God has sustained me—but I could not feel as if I had His approbation if I consented to put myself on a level with grab-bag methods in order to get it.'

'Oh, very well.'

Mrs. Granger arose stiffly. Her mouth was set in firm lines. 'Very well. We'll give the matter up, but you may have to do without the money.'

'That is as God wills,' replied the little wife bravely, but womanlike, as soon as the gate closed on her caller, she burst into tears.

'Hey, what's this?' cried old John Marshall, five minutes later, as he stood in the parsonage door. 'Crying, why this will never do. My dear woman, what is the matter?'

The minister's wife brushed away her tears. 'You must not mind me,' she replied. 'It's only a matter that troubles me somewhat. Come in—you want to see my husband, do you not? Well he's out for all morning, I suppose. I'm sorry—take this chair, won't you?'

The old gentleman sat down and talked for ten minutes on general matters, but as he walked slowly home, he was busy thinking. 'That little woman was not shedding tears for nothing,' he told himself. 'I'd like to know what troubles her. She's clean grit and don't make a fuss over nothing. The best helper we've ever had in the church.' At the next corner he met Mrs. Granger and she explained the mystery.

'Isn't it a shame she won't help?' she said when she had finished.

Old John Marshall smiled.

'Do you know,' he replied quizzically, 'I believe she's right. Grab bags and the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ don't seem to me to go together. Well, well, we'll see what can be done, but bless me if that little woman shall go without the money.'

That very day, a man made good a note to him that had long been outlawed, and as he paid it John Marshall smiled. 'Praise the Lord,' he said, 'here's the minister's back salary. I can give it as well as not.' He took it over himself and put it into the minister's hands. 'It's money I loaned years ago and thought I had lost, but it came back to-day to strengthen your wife's faith and to encourage her in the way she stood. Tell her how glad I am to give it.'

The minister wrung his hand. There were tears in his eyes. Nobody knew how much that money was needed.

'I can't thank you,' he said huskily.

'Don't try,' said John Marshall, and as he strode down the walk he was smiling.

'Grab bags,' he whispered. 'Those that trust in the Lord, don't have to get up such contrivances, praise His Name.'

SUBSCRIBERS SECURING OUR DAILY JUBILEE AWARD

FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 20.

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

The list of successful club raisers for the week ending Saturday, Jan. 20:

Monday, Jan. 15th—Jas. Riddle, Danville, Que.
Tuesday, Jan. 16th—H. W. Fowler, Melbore, Que.
Wednesday, Jan. 17th—W. F. Newcombe, Brooklyn Corners, N.B.
Thursday, Jan. 18th—S. Bower, Guelph, Ont.
Friday, Jan. 19th—Robt. Dewar, St. Telesphore, Que.
Saturday, Jan. 20th—Mary Ferguson, Cayuga, Ont.

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles Free, besides their commission.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger,' or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week?

Flesherton, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—It was a real surprise to see my name in the list of awards as I truly was not expecting to get one. And such a beautiful Bible as it is. I thank you very much for it and wish you greater success in your work. The first time I subscribed for the 'Witness' was about the year 1857 and for the last thirty years I have been a constant reader of it and the 'Northern Messenger,' and the 'World Wide' from the commencement.

WM. CLAYTON.

Millbank, Ont.

Gentlemen,—Allow me to thank you for your beautiful and valuable gift of the red letter Bible. It came to me as a very pleasant surprise. I did not think of securing any prize other than your valuable papers. They, to my mind, are reward enough. My father has been a 'Witness' reader for over fifty years. We look upon your papers as old and true friends, and value them for their unflinching opposition to the gross and impure, as well as for their bold advocacy of righteousness and truth. I have always admired the way the temperance cause has been handled. With every good wish for continued success, Yours respectfully,

ADDIE GILLESPIE.

Tatehurst, Que.

Gentlemen,—Please accept my sincere thanks for the handsome and valuable premium of one of your red-letter Bibles, just received. I feel amply repaid in this gift from you, for any trouble I may have taken to have your publications read in the homes of this community. Yours sincerely,

M. J. CAVERS.

Melbourne, Ont., Jan. 11.

Dear Sirs,—I received your beautiful Bible. I appreciate it very highly, and thank you for sending it. Yours truly.

E. N. CAMPBELL.

The Martyrs in China.

'Counted Worthy.'—Acts v., 41.

It may be that they never saw
  The flashing of the sword—
Perchance their eyes were holden
  With the vision of their Lord;
As he stood with arms extended
  To fold them to His breast,
And whispered thro' the tumult,
  'Come unto me and rest.'

We cannot tell how near to earth
  The angels stooped that day;
What music from their harp-strings woke
  It is not ours to say;
The martyrs only heard the song,
  Their spirits to it thrilled,
Till every doubt was lulled to rest,
  And terror, too, was stilled.

What could they know of pain or death,
  When straight before their eyes
Heaven opened; and the Lord of Life
  Led upward to the skies?
Heav'n was so close to earth that day,
  And death so close to life,
That God's own glory rested
  Upon earth's closing strife.

Author Unknown.

Why the Church has to Beg.

This is how a writer in a contemporary calls down the man who complains that the church is always begging: 'People complain that the church is always begging. If the world would pay up the back taxes which it owes the church for making this old world fit to live in, we could run all the church's activities from now till the millennium without asking again for a single dollar.'

He who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience, patient with himself, patient with others, patient with difficulties and crosses, he has an everyday greatness beyond that which is won in battle or chanted in cathedrals.—Dr. Dewey.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Mrs. Pearl Cameron, Alberni, B.C., $1.00; Duncan Whyte, Forest, $2.50; Mrs. T. Smith, St. Catharines, $1.00; J. H., Levis, $1.00; A Sympathizer, Inchagala, $5.00; Mrs. A. Lough, Cumberland, $1.00; Alex. McInens, Cumberland, 50c.; J. P. G., Cumberland, $5.00; Annie Duncan, Glenlea, Man., $2.00; T. Swann, Drayton, $2.00; Mrs. David Taylor, Burnstown, $5.00; Old Brewery Mission, Montreal, $5; Melvin's Union Sunday School, Winchester, per E. G. Frith, $4.25; Amy and Willie Robertson, Lachute, 50c.; Georgina and Nellie Minthorne, Morefield, 50c.; A. M. Boossy, Embro, $2.30; Stewart Lough, Cumberland, 25c.; total, $38.80.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER III. Continued.

The succeeding days were days of glory. Rasmus and Rodney were a mutual admiration society; to Rasmus, Rodney was a gentleman and a scholar, as well as a very beautiful lad; to Rodney, Rasmus was an athlete and a leader. They were both new to the luxurious table, and gay people about them. Rodney was friends with all the children, and petted by all the ladies; Rasmus was called 'Mr. Rasmus,' and sometimes 'Mr. Harris,' from Rod's last name, and no one dreamed that this was in truth a tramp, without so much as a surname, or a knowledge of the alphabet, and that a little before he had been floating down the Ohio River, asleep in a pig-pen, on a bed of straw and corn-stalks. Little Moses out of his woven cradle was carried to a palace, and Rasmus, rescued from the rushes, was feasting and feted in an Ohio River boat. Heathen would here be prone to remark that Fortune is just as potent and just as blind to-day as in antiquissimis temporibus. Christians would say that to-day, just as intently and individually as in days of yore, does Divine Providence watch over humanity, and lead each soul in its destined way.

The hot suns had fulfilled the prophecies of the child of Nature. Spring, particolored and laughing, had come with a dash. All along the banks the red-bud spread its crimson blossoms, and the dogwood, yellow and white, not waiting for the departure of its natural predecessor, expanded wide bloom. Each tree was like a huge bouquet, scarlet, primrose-color, white; the grass grew green, the noisy crows followed the plow; blackbirds with necks blue and green, or with broad red epaulettes, glittered in the sun, flashing from tree to tree, on the edges of the swamps; blue-birds built, robins sang, yellow hammers pounded away on the hollow trees. All the glorious reviving of the world filled the heart of Rasmus with ecstasy, and the progress of the boat up-stream seemed very slow, so did he long to be out once more along the roads. In fact, the boat was making poor time. She was due at Pittsburg Saturday noon, and it was evident that she would not arrive there before midnight on Sunday—there had been the afternoon's delay, and then the heavy climb up the swift strong current of the flooding river. Sunday morning an unusual stillness hung over the boat. Many of the passengers were those who were accustomed to be in their own homes or at their churches on the Sabbath, and the talk and amusement of the week fell into a sudden hush. To Rasmus all days were alike. When he had lived during two years with the farmer, he had occasionally been taken to church; since then, he had only been two or three times in a church, and then by accident. After breakfast Rodney found him looking at the water over the port-bow, and wondering how soon he could be on dry land. 'Rasmus, they're going to have preaching.'

'What's that agin?' asked the child of the nineteenth century.

Why, church—don't you know? It's Sunday, and there is a preacher on board, and he's going to have a service in the saloon. I s'pose you'll come?'

'Certain,' said Rasmus. 'I lay out to do whatever is respectable, now I've got into good clothes. What'll it be like, brother?'

'Why, you don't mean to say you've never been to church?'

'Oh yes, I have. I rambled into one last summer, as ever was. It was a powerful hot day, down in Jersey, and I dropped into a church I see by the roadside, thinking it would be a fairish sort of place to take a cool nap; but not a wink of sleeping could I do. Whew! wasn't that parson giving it to all kinds of wickedness. I was glad I was a good man, or I'd been scared out of my skin. He didn't let badness have no quarter, but he got it down and hammered it. I'd rather hear him than see a mill any day. He struck square out from the shoulder, as pretty as anything ever you see in your life.'

Rodney was rather confounded by this pugilistic description of a sermon. Mr. Andrews had considered it a proper part of a boy's education to send him to church and Sunday-school, and keep him within doors Sunday. He had not been a religious man himself, but he had respected religion, and had had a vague notion that he should bring up Rodney as his dead parents would have done. The boy had had a few religious books that had belonged to those parents, 'The Life of Payson,' 'The Life of Brainerd,' 'The Life of Judson,' and a few volumes of missionary experiences, with his Bible and 'Pilgrim's Progress.' These had furnished him with some religious ideas, while Mr. Andrews had been a disciplinarian in the way of morals. Thus Rodney's advantages had been much greater than those of many boys, while far less than those of boys with Christian parents. As for Rasmus, he was an embodiment of nineteenth century heathenism—an example of how, in the bosom of a Christian country, one can go from babe to man untouched by the religiousness of the country in any particular—can be without a letter of the alphabet, or a line of the ten commandments, and know nothing of God, except as His name is used in an oath. Of such heathenism Rasmus was a profound example, and yet endowed with a shrewd mind and a kindly disposition, he had been kept from immoral courses by the memory of his little brother, and the dim hope of meeting him and being his life-companion. He followed Rodney to the grand saloon, where sofas and chairs had been arranged to accommodate the audience, and he listened with attention to a sermon, of which he understood almost nothing, because he was ignorant of the rudiments of Christian truth which the minister was obliged to take it for granted that every one understood. During prayer, Rasmus decorously covered his eyes as other people did, but he peeped through his fingers, and was amazed at seeing 'the parson talking away with his eyes shut,' and also at the reverend demeanor of his fellow-worshippers. What pleased him most was the singing—and especially the voice of Rodney, fresh and sweet, in the beautiful old hymns. After service, several who had noticed Rodney's singing, asked him to sing for them, and a lady played the accompaniment while he sang—

'Hark, hark, my soul, angelic strains are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore,'

and

'Come unto me when shadows darkly gather—
And the tired soul is heavy and oppressed.'

'I tell you what, boy,' said Rasmus, confidentially to him, when they went on deck, 'if you don't find your uncle, you won't starve—for they'll be glad to pay you to sing in a theaytre, or a concert saloon.'

'I wouldn't do it,' said Rodney, angrily; I'm made for something better. 'I'm a gentleman, and I shall be a scholar.'

'If that don't beat all!' said Rasmus; to him the oiled and painted, waxed-mustached singer in a cheap theatre or a concert hall was a demi-god, to be named with admiration and viewed from afar worshipfully—and Rod thought this all beneath him!

CHAPTER IV.

THE LITTLE MAN.

'Flusheth the rise with her purple favor
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
'Twixt two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle and sleepily sing.'

The river had by this time begun to fall; there was little of wreck and drift whirling by; it had gone down-stream. Instead, the surface was crowded with all varieties of craft taking advantage of high water. There were 'coal tows'—great barges with square ends—knit close together, an acre of them almost, lying five or six abreast, and pushed by one of the great stern-wheel steamers that set its strong prow against them, while the big wheel churned and dashed the muddy water behind. The coal barges lay low, almost at the water's edge, and the coal rose in a rough heap in each like a little black hill with points that glittered in the sunshine. Then came the lumber-rafts, mighty processions, gliding silently along, the mellow creamy hue of the fresh lumber, glowing against the tawny color of the turbid water, and the fresh green of the banks—an acre of sweet-smelling boards welded into one raft—at the front five or six 'sweeps,' like great oars, fastened for steering—at the stern, three or four new board huts for eating and sleeping, and cooking—along the length three or four poles, where lanterns swung, or torches flared of nights; the crew, a dozen or so, big, red-shirted men; and now and again across the raft a swaying, sagging line of clothes, red, white, blue, brown, ingenuously supposed to be clean, after a washing in the muddy river. Down came the 'keel-boats' or 'barges,' relics of old time, trading-boats that could go down with the current, but never come up, and must be sold below, come down for trading, owned perhaps by the family that inhabited each one. These take from six to nine month going to New Orlean and coming back, it laboriously poled; so in these days of steam, they are generally sold at the end of the down trip, which may last three months. These barges had families living in them, and were laden with glass from the Pittsburg glass works, or with pottery, or small wares, and turned in to trade at all the river towns. Ferry-boats bustled from shore to shore between the towns. Small 'stern-wheelers' made short trips between the larger villages, and now and then a gigantic and splendid 'side-wheel boat' majestically passed, going up or down between Pittsburg and Cincinnati, or New Orleans.

To watch this stirring life, Rodney and Rasmus sat in a favorite place of theirs on a great coil of rope lying on the forecastle. Between landings this spot was nearly deserted, and there they would sit for hours, looking at the shores and talking. Too much of 'the grand company,' as Rasmus called the saloon passengers, oppressed them both. On this Sunday evening as they sat there in the long, slow sunset of April, Rasmus had been meditating on the astounding fact that Rodney expected to be something far better than an actor, or cheap-hall singer. What could the lad be thinking of? Rasmus had some shrewd and practical sense, if he had no learning, and had been dazzled by actors the very few times he had been able to afford ten cents or a quarter for a cheap show.

'I say, brother, what are you going to do with all that college learning you propose to get?'

'I don't know,' said Rod, who was rather a dreamer; 'the first thing will be to get it.'

'But ain't there no object in getting it? asked Rasmus.

(To be continued.)

Tackling Something Hard.

After the debate was over, one of the judges expressed surprise that it should have been Richards who won first place. He said that he had met Richards a year or two before, and took him for a very average fellow, as to his mental power. But his work in the debate had shown such force of thought, and such a persistent logical development of his point, that it had been almost a brilliant performance.

One of the professors, who taught the most difficult subject in the college course, thought he could throw a little light on the lad's success. 'It is a logical development of character,' he said. 'I asked Richards once, when he was having a tussle with his work with me, why he happened to choose a study so hard for him. He said, "For that very reason, professor. I think you've got the toughest subject in the whole course, and what I need is to tackle something hard and beat it." And,' added the professor, 'he did beat it, too!'—Selected.

Strength for the Day.

If it costs me such efforts to conquer
The hasty or unkind word;
If by each faint breath of temptation
The depths of my spirit are stirred;
If I stumble and fall at each hindrance,
When a Christian should conqueror be;
Dare I think, dare I hope, oh, my Saviour,
That I could have died for Thee?

Dare I talk of the martyr's courage,
And the love that went smiling to death—
I, who fail in such simple duties,
Forgetting my hope and my faith?
Then a light broke in on my sadness,
These words brought comfort to me—
'Accepted in Christ,' the beloved,
'As thy day, so thy strength shall be.'

Christian Arithmetic.

Some one has compiled the following rules for Christian arithmetic from God's word:

Notation, 'I will put my laws into their minds and write them in their hearts.'

Numeration, 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

Addition, 'Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.'

Subtraction, 'Let us put off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light.'

Multiplication, 'Mercy unto you, and peace, and love be multiplied.'

Division, 'Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord. . . . . and I will receive you.'

A Singer and his Story.

Thirty years ago a lady stopped to speak to four neglected boys who, barefooted and poorly clad, were playing marbles in the streets of Mendota, Illinois. 'Are you in Sunday school?' she asked.

'No! Aain't got no clothes,' replied one.

'Would you come if you had clothes?' she asked.

'You bet!' was the boy's emphatic answer.

'What are your names?' she asked.

'Peter Bilhorn,' replied the first boy, and the others, in turn, gave their names. Peter was a German lad, the son of a widow. Clothes were provided, and he and the others kept their promise.

It was a warm Sunday, and the lady who had invited them, and who was to be their teacher, sat, all in white, telling her class of boys the story of the lesson. Almost or quite the only thing they remembered of it, as appeared afterward, was the way the teacher looked, and one thing she said and did. On the back of a card she drew a cross with the name 'Jesus' above it. 'Boys, Jesus suffered to help us in our troubles. If you ever have any trouble, look to Him for help.'

One day a terrific storm swept over the prairie town. The streets were all flooded, and the little stream that flowed through the town, usually nothing but a mere trickling of water, was a raging torrent. Boxes, barrels, and the boards from the lumber yard near by, were swept away. The boys were there to see what work the storm had done, and Peter fell in.

He grasped at weeds on the bank, but they pulled out. He tried to get hold of a board, but it slipped away from him. He was carried under two bridges, on each of which futile efforts were made to rescue him. Towards a third bridge, and the last, he swept, and the roar of water was in his ears.

'In that moment,' he says, 'the vision of that teacher, all in white, and her words about looking to Jesus in time of trouble, came to me. I put my hands together and prayed.'

It was that gesture of the sinking boy that saved him, for two men on the bridge seized the uplifted hands and drew him out. For a time he was unconscious, and when he came to, after much rolling and rubbing, they asked him how he happened to have his hands up as they were, and pressed together.

'I was ashamed to say I was praying,' he says, 'and I asked boastfully, "Didn't you know I could swim?" But I kept thinking I had told a cowardly lie. I had learned in Sunday school about the other Peter, the one in the New Testament, and it seemed to me I had denied the Lord just as he did.'

This awakening of a tender conscience was the beginning of a Christian character in the lad. His interest in the Sunday school grew with his growth. He became a Sunday school singer, studied music and composed tunes of his own. His name now stands at the head of many Sunday school songs, and he is known as a gospel singer of influence and strength. In a recent meeting he told this story of his early life. The teacher, whose influence was instrumental in his rescue so many years ago, is still living, the wife of a prominent Chicago merchant. Many have rejoiced in the former street boy's life of usefulness, but hers is a peculiar joy. His consecrated service is one of her rewards.—'Youth's Companion.'

Examine Yourself.

Cold or hot, my friend? Feel your spiritual pulse and see. Put the Bible thermometer under your tongue. Search your heart and see how much love for Christ is left there. If, after such an honest examination, you find that the temperature has run low, very low—what then? Should you quit the church and throw up your Christian profession? No! a thousand times no! The Holy Spirit's message to you is, 'Be zealous, therefore and repent.' The only way to warm a chilled frame is not to throw yourself into a snow bank, but to hasten to the fire. Come back to a deserted Savior! Instead of erasing your blurred name from the church registry, seek a reconversion.

Simon Peter's best work was done after he was reconverted. Do not stop with lamenting your neglect of the place of prayer. Open again the door of devotion and go in and throw yourself down at the Master's feet and cry out 'I have sinned; I am no more worthy to be called thy servant.' Set up again your altar, and on it lay the sacrifice of a contrite heart. At the earliest moment lay hold of some blood-stirring Christian work; it will warm you up. It may take some time to get the blood into full, free circulation again, and to cover your lost ground and lost health. But when you do get a fresh tide of Christ's love pouring into your heart and a fresh glow of his likeness in your countenance, you will feel as Lazarus must have felt when he shook off the grave clothes and leaped into life again. —T. L. Cuyler, D.D.

Saved by Heroic Treatment.

(Anna Johnson, in the New York 'Observer.')

'It is Frances of whom I am thinking,' Abby Morton said, looking confidentially across at the two girls who occupied the cushioned window seat in her room at the Ordway boarding-school.

Tula Gay shrugged her shoulders. 'Glad to know of what you are thinking. I was wondering if you had forgotten us.'

Abby's fair face grew rosy. Before she could speak, Jacqueline LeGrand cried:

'What a thing for you to say, Tula! Of course you were thinking of someone besides yourself, you dear Mother Abby. It is a responsibility to be president of Ordway's junior class. What has Frances been doing now?'

'Nothing. It is what she is, rather than what she does. Girls, we all love Frances, but she is——'

'A big brag,' Tula finished, as Abby stopped. 'It would not be quite so bad if she did not have so much to brag about. But she is really as pretty, bright, rich and amiable as she says she is. We do get tired of hearing of Frances and her family, though.'

Abby leaned forward, her gray eyes shining.

'O Tula! You have given me an idea. It is not that Frances is selfish; she is generosity itself, but the dear girl is becoming a little self-centered. There! that is the study bell. Come in after dinner, and I will tell you how we can cure Frances.'

'Cure her?' Tula asked incredulously.

'Yes. I am sure my treatment will result in a cure. It is to be homoeopathic in form,' and, rising, Abby followed her callers from the room.

Immediately after breakfast the pupils at Ordway had thirty minutes for a walk, before chapel. On the morning following the conversation in Abby's room, the girls, under the leadership of Miss Erway, the teacher of English, strolled leisurely across the grounds in the direction of the tennis court.

It was a warm, clear morning. The maple trees that bordered the campus were aflame with red-gold, contrasting vividly with the sombre dusky-green cedars that outlined the winding path. Off at the right the hills sloped gently down to where West Creek wound its way like a silver ribbon through the suburbs of the town.

'Wait, Abby,' called a clear, high-pitched voice. 'I am sure you want to enjoy the pleasure of my company.'

Abby waited, her red lips tightly compressed. The forthcoming treatment might not be pleasant for the patient, but it was certainly going to be hard for the physician in chief.

There was a smile on the face of Frances Knapp, and her blue eyes danced. Before she could again speak to Abby, they were joined by Tula, who cried:

'Oh, what a pretty shirtwaist, Frances! That shade of blue is very becoming to you.'

Frances looked complacently down at her waist. Tula rarely praised anything.

'I like it. You must see my cream mohair; it is a dream.'

'Your shirtwaists are always pretty.' Abby's voice trembled a litle. 'You have good taste, Frances.'

'That is what everybody seems to think. It is easy enough if—if—'

'If you are Frances Knapp,' and Tula laughed. 'Frances, your playing at chapel yesterday morning was fine.'

'Did you think so?' Frances asked carelessly, turning to Abby. 'Abby, I want you to see, or rather to hear the new music Cousin Eleanor sent me from New York.'

'I shall be glad to hear it. Your playing always makes me happy.'

'You dear! What did you say, Margaret?' This last was to another junior who had joined them. Margaret began incoherently.

'O Frances! Did I ever tell you that I heard your Uncle Albert at Chautauqua last summer. His address was immense.'

'Uncle Albert is a genius. What was his subject?'

'I don't just remember, but what he said was splendid. I—I don't suppose one of your relatives could do anything that was not of the best.'

Tula frowned; the praise of Margaret was clumsy. Frances' head went back proudly.

'I don't just understand you. The Knapps have always been noted for their brilliancy and for their devotion to public duty. There have been four senators in our family.'

'And one governor—don't forget him,' Tula admonished. 'Frances, it must be a responsibility to think that you are a member of such a distinguished family. However, it is easy to see that you will furnish your share of the family's brilliancy.'

Frances frowned. She was aware of a feeling of annoyance, but did not know just what was wrong.

'Excuse me, girls, I want to speak to Jacqueline,' and she turned away.

'How beautiful the foliage is, Jacqueline,' Frances said, thrusting her arm through that of her friend.

'It is beautiful. Such a morning makes me wish that I was an artist. You know I cannot draw, but you can.'

'Yes, and paint, too. My work is not much, not yet, but it enables me to enter into the feeling of an artist. That is something.'

'It is a gread deal,' Jacqueline said soberly. 'Frances, you are one of the most gifted of girls. You do and intend to do so much.'

To Jacqueline's surprise, the face of her friend colored. It was a moment before Frances spoke, and then it was only to say:

'There is the chapel bell. We must hurry.'

Somehow things went wrong with Frances that day. It was not that anyone was unkind. Instead, the girls clustered round, praising and flattering her.

'I believe you are making fun of me,' she cried petulantly to Rose Miller, when that girl had praised, for the third time, the way in which Frances had dressed her hair.

'Indeed I am not. It was only yesterday that you asked me to admire it, and it is pretty,' was Rose's spirited reply.

The next day was even worse. No sooner did Frances mention, in her usual consequential manner, some of her own possessions or attributes than a chorus of approval rose from all sides.

On the evening of the second day Frances went up to her room at an early hour. Standing before the dressing table she talked, after the fashion of girls, to the reflection of her own face in the mirror.

'I never thought about it before, Frances Knapp, but you do talk too much about yourself. Well, there shall be a change. It—it makes me feel as if I had been boasting.'

The next day Frances watched herself closely. How often some expression of self-approval sprang to her lips!

She restrained these expressions, but her silence did no good. The girls continued to praise her. They commended her looks, her demeanor, wardrobe, family, accomplishments, school standing, and even good nature.

Frances was first annoyed, then impatient. A little later anger came, and she flashed out a few hot words, only to be met by Tula's extravagant praise of her 'proper spirit.'

A week went by. One rainy evening there came a timid rap at Abby's door.

'It is I—Frances. May I come in?'

'Certainly, dear.' Abby's hand upon the other's arm was as gentle as was her voice. 'I am glad to——'

'Don't praise me. O Abby! I am so wretched!' And sinking into a chair Frances laid her head upon the study table and began to sob, not noisily, but in a low, sad way that brought the tears to Abby's eyes.

'It is too bad,' Abby said to herself, 'but I must be careful to say nothing that will counteract the treatment, not at this late hour.'

'Why do you do it?' Frances demanded. You know what I mean; don't pretend that you do not.'

'I am not going to pretend. We did it because you seemed to like to talk of yourself and what belonged to you.'

'Abby, I have been horrid. I—I thank you. It was awful, but nothing else would have cured me, for I would not have believed I was so bad. Never again will I brag. Do—do you suppose the girls will begin over again?'

'I know they will,' was Abby's comforting reply, as she stroked her friend's sunny hair.

Great Disasters From Small Causes.

A few mischievous lads dug a 'brigands' cave' at the base of the big dam which confined the waters of the South Fork reservoir above Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and so weakened it that the entire massive structure gave way, and six thousand persons were drowned.

A restive cow kicked over a paraffin lamp in Chicago on the evening of October 7th, 1871. The resultant explosion started a conflagration which destroyed the city.

To win a bet of twopence, a little pit lad employed at the Ferndale Colliery, in the Rhondda Valley, picked the lock of his safety lamp with an ordinary hairpin. He himself, together with nearly two hundred of his mates perished in the explosion which followed.

At Shoeburyness, some fifteen years ago, Colonel Francis Lyon invented a new kind of sensitive fuse for big calibre shells, and invited a number of gunnery experts to be present at the trials. Unfortunately, on the night prior to the day on which the experiments were to be made, he locked up a number of the fuses in a shed in which were some fowls. The chickens started scratching, as is their wont, and the dust flew up and settled on the threads of the screws of the fuses. When, next morning, an unfortunate gunner started to fix one to a live shell, the missile 'went off,' killing the operator, the inventor and five other persons.

On the 28th of November, 1875, a meddling 'middy,' testing a new screwdriver, managed to open a valve in the 'Iron Duke.' The sea rushed in and the country was the poorer by £5,000, the sum spent in making good the havoc wrought. We also came within an ace of losing our—at that time—biggest battleship.

A year or two later the 'Esperanza' was cast away on the coast of Chili, through a tiny toddler of five meddling with the compasses. She had on board ninety-seven souls, and all but eleven perished. Among the saved was the innocent cause of the terrible catastrophe.

A fire, which was directly responsible for the loss of more lives than any other single conflagration, originated through the vagaries of a stray tarantula, a species of huge, hairy spider peculiar to South and Central America. The scene was Santiago, and a grand religious festival was taking place in the principal cathedral. The building was a sea of drapery, flooded with every variety of illumination. Twenty thousand silver lamps were in full blaze, and the acolytes were busy lighting the two thousand tapers on the grand altar when the errant spider skipped into the central aisle and alarmed a lady, who screamed. The acolytes, or some of them, looked around to ascertain the cause of the commotion, and one of the naked lights they carried came in contact with the drapery of a colossal figure of the Virgin. A few minutes later the vast cathedral was a raging furnace, in which were being consumed more than two thousand bodies—the elite of Santiago society.

So sin begins with little transgressions, little thievings, trivial lying, the first glass of liquor, and becomes the destroyer of uncounted hopes and lives.

Frozen to a Carcass.

A gentleman standing by Niagara saw an eagle light upon a frozen lamb encased in a floating piece of ice. The eagle stood upon that dead carcas and feasted upon it as it was 'drifting' on towards the rapids. Every now and again the eagle would proudly lift his head into the air to look around him, as much as to say I am 'drifting' on towards danger, but I know what I am doing; I will fly away and make good my escape before it is too late.

When he neared the falls he stooped and spread his powerful wings and leaped for his flight; but alas! alas! while he was feasting on that dead carcass his feet had frozen to its fleece. He leaped and shrieked and beat upon the ice with his wings until the ice-frozen lamb and eagle went over the falls and down into the foam and darkness below.

This is the picture of every soul that is playing and feasting upon sin. Many a young man intends after a little more indulgence in, to turn from his sins and be saved; but alas! when he would turn he finds himself fettered by sinful habits, his affections have been poisoned by sin, his will paralyzed, his soul has frozen to the decaying mass of rottenness upon which he has been feasting. Turn, ere it is too late.—Anon.

Systematic Giving.

A system of stated giving has proved beneficial to all of our parishes where it has been introduced and properly carried out. It not only increases the offerings, but teaches the people to be regular in the habit of giving. Many are unable to contribute to any extent toward the Church's support, and cannot give a large amount at any one time. Let us illustrate the effect of systematic giving:

There was once a man who thought himself very poor—so poor that he could give but little money for any good work. One day a lady asked him to put his name down on her paper, promising to give eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents during that year to the different causes for which his church was trying to work. He looked at her in amazement.

'Why, my dear woman!' said he, 'I never had eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents a year to give in my life, and never expect to have. I'm a poor man.'

'Well,' she said, 'if you really think you cannot afford that sum, will you promise to give five cents a day for this year?'

'Why, yes,' he said, 'five cents a day is a little bit, certainly; if that will do you any good, I can manage so much.' And he did, and enjoyed it.

Just multiply the number of days in a year by the figure five, will you? Well, what is your produce? How much money did the man save by not pledging eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents? This is a true story.—'Episcopal Register.'

Youthful Consecration.

ECCL. xii., 1.

(Amos R. Wells, in the New York 'Observer.')

What is it to 'remember our Creator in the days of our youth,' as the writer of Ecclesiastics bade us? Not to forget our Sunday-school lesson? Remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy? Far harder things than these.

It is to take our pleasure in the eternities more than in the times. It is to set our affections on things above. It is to be more ambitious for celestial applause than the hand-clapping of mortals. It is to plan a life that reads smoothly on beyond that little, heaped-up grass and grave-stone semi-colon which creeps so soon into our life sentence. In all our planning, we shall look beyond the turn of the road. Our training shall be not for this transient naval academy, but for the great fleet and the vast ocean of eternity. That is the hard thing which it is to remember our Creator in the days of our youth.

And why do it? For three reasons: the first of which is because not to do it is to be mean. We know who gave us life and all its joys. We know what is the great longing of His infinite heart. To drive a hard bargain with Him is contemptible. To take an eleventh-hour advantage of His mercy is abominable. It is to drink the wine of life and give Him the lees. It is to exhaust the ground with crop after crop of wild oats, and then hand over the soil. It is the spirit of giving as little as possible in order to get as much as possible, and that will take all the manliness out of any man.

And why yield our youth to God? Because in the second place, not to do so is foolish. Prosperity lies in eternity. To spend one's central energies on mammon is as if a man should make mud-pies in front of a palace he might be helping to build, or as if he should use his days picking up cigar stumps in front of a diamond mine. Moreover, there is a 'too late.' Carefully gathered statistics show that the vast majority of conversions occur at the age of sixteen. After that time the numbers that turn to God grow swiftly less and less. Now is always the day of salvation.

Why yield youth to God? Because, in the third place, not to do so is wicked. It is more than mean, it is worse than foolish, it is sinful. It is not a matter of indifference to a general whether his soldiers begin to obey him at the start or the end of a campaign. When a king commands, to postpone obedience is to be a traitor. In the table of the law it is written that our God is a jealous God. No one can serve Him and mammon. It is either youthful consecration or it is youthful desecration, and there is no ground midway.

Test yourself with the following covenant. Can you subscribe to it with all your soul?

'I givest myself to Thee,
To do, to be, to know,
To walk only with Thee,
Where Thou leadest.
To talk only in Thee,
At Thy bidding,
To think only in Thee,
As Thou thinkest for me.
To do only Thy will,
As Thou dost reveal it,
To follow only Thee,
As Thou leadest.
To follow all the way
Till He come.'

But nothing is a better test of character than the ability to discern when it is well to say 'No,' and when it is better to say 'Yes.' The man who assents to everything equally with the man who opposes everything will be a failure. Life is neither all affirmation nor all contrariety.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Christmas Stocking.

By Elizabeth Wetherell, (author of 'The Wide, Wide World.')

THE STORY OF THE FARTHING

(Continued)

'"He'll look sorry now, I'll be bound," said the old man. "I say, William!—take this farthing back to that boy, and tell him to be off with it, and not to show his face here again."

'The command was strictly obeyed; and my new owner, after a vain attempt to move the waiter, carried me into the street and sat down on the next door-step.

'At length he seemed to comprehend his loss; for, dropping me on the pavement, he sank his head on his hands, and the hot tears

fell fast down from his face upon mine. Then, in a sudden passion of grief and excitement, he caught me up and threw me from him as far as he could; and I, who had been too proud to associate with coppers, now fell to the very bottom of a heap of mud. As I lay there half smothered, I could hear the steps of the boy, who, soon repenting of his rashness, now sought me—inasmuch as I was better than nothing; but he sought in vain. Presently he walked away.

'I am not good at reckoning time,' said the farthing, 'but I should think I might have lain there about a week—the mud heap having in the meantime changed to one of dust; when a furious shower arose one afternoon, or I should rather say came down; and not only were dust and mud swept away, but the rain even washed my face for me, and left me, almost as bright as ever, high and dry upon a clean paving-stone.

'As I lay there I suddenly felt myself picked up by a most careful little finger and thumb, which had no desire to get wet or muddy. They belonged to a little girl about ten years old.

'"You pretty farthing!" she said admiringly; "how bright and nice you do look! and how funny it is that I should find you—I never found anything before. I wonder how you came here—I hope some poor child didn't lose you."

'While she thus expressed her opinion I was busy making up mine, and truly it was a pleasant one. Her hair was brushed quite smooth, only when she stooped to pick me up one lock had fallen down from under the sun-bonnet; and her face was as simple and good as it could be. But I saw that her cheeks were thin, and they might have been pale but for the pink sun-bonnet.

'Suddenly she exclaimed:

'"Now I can get it!—Oh, I'm so glad! Come, little farthing, I must give you away, though I should like to keep you very much, for you're very pretty; but you are all the money I've got in the world."

'Now for the candy-store,' thought I, as she turned and began to walk away as fast as she could. She tripped along, till we came to a large grocery. There she went in.

'"Please, sir, to let me have a farthing's worth of tea," she said timidly, showing me, and giving me a kind glance at the same time: it's only a farthing, but it will get enough for mother, and she's sick and wanted some tea so much."

'The young man, taking down a canister, measured out two or three good pinches of tea into a brown paper and folded it up. The child took it with a very glad face, laying me down on the counter with a joyful "Thank you, sir!" which I by no means repeated—I wanted to go home with her and see that tea made. But we farthings can never know the good that our purchases do in the world.

'The clerk took me up and balanced me upon his finger, as if he had half a mind to give the child back her money, and pay the sum of one farthing into the store out of his own private purse. But habit prevailed, and he dropped me into the till.

'We were a dull company in the till that night, for most of the money was old; and it is a well-known fact that worn-down coins are not communicative. In this inactive kind of life some time passed away, and though some of us were occasionally taken to market, yet we never bought anything. But one evening a man came into the grocery and asked for starch, and we hoped for bright visitors; but I had no time to enjoy them, for I was sent to make change. The messenger was a manservant, and with the starch in his hand and me in his pocket he soon left the store and went whistling along the street. I was glad when he reached home, and ran down the area steps and into the kitchen. He gave the starch to the cook, and she carried the change into the parlor. But what was my surprise to find that it was in the very same house whence I had gone forth as a piece of gold!

'The old gentleman was asleep in his chair now, and a pretty-looking lady sat by, reading, while the little girl was playing with her doll on the rug. She jumped up and came to the table, and began to count out the change.

'"Two-and-sixpence, mamma—see, here's a shilling and two sixpences and fivepence and a farthing—mamma, may I have this farthing?"

'"It isn't mine, Nanny—your grandfather gave James the money."

'"Well, but you can pay him again," said the child; "and, besides, he'd let me have it, I know."

'"What will you do with it, Nanny?"

'"Oh, I don't know, mamma—I'll see if grandpa will let me have it.'

'"Let you see what?" said the old gentleman, waking up.

'"This farthing, grandpa."

'"To be sure you may have it! Of course!—and fifty more."

'"No, she must have but one," said the lady, with a smile.

'Nanny thanked her mother, and, holding me fast in one hand, she sat down on the rug again by her doll. The old gentleman seemed very much amused.

'From that time, whenever little Nanny went to walk, I went too; and she really seemed to be quite fond of me, for though she often stopped before the candy stores or the toy shops, and once or twice went in to look at some beads, yet she always carried me home again.

'"Mamma, I don't know how to spend my farthing," she said one day.

'"Are you tired of taking care of it, Nanny?"

'"No, mamma, but I want to spend it."

'"Why?"

'"Why, mamma—I don't know—money's meant to spend, isn't it?"

'"Yes, it is meant to spend—not to throw away."

'"Oh, no," said Nanny; 'I wouldn't throw away my farthing for anything. It's a very pretty farthing."

'"I won't get my beads then," added Nanny, with a little sigh.

'"That would not be waste," said her mother, kissing her. "It is right to spend some of our money for harmless pleasure, and we will go and buy the beads this very afternoon."

'So after dinner they set forth.

'It was a very cold day, but Nanny and her mother were well wrapped up, so they did not feel it much. I was just wondering to myself what kind of a person the bead-woman would prove to be, when I heard Nanny say:

'Mamma, did you see that little girl on those brown steps? She had no tippet, mamma, and not even a shawl, and her feet were all tucked up in her petticoat; and"—Nanny's voice faltered—" I think she was crying. I didn't look at her much, for it made me feel bad, but I thought so."

'"Yes, love," said her mother. "I saw her. How good God has been to me, that it is not my little daughter who is sitting there.'

'Nanny walked on in silence for some time, then she spoke again.

'"Mamma, I'm afraid a great many poor children want things more than I want my beads."

'"I'm afraid they do, Nanny."

'"Mamma, will you please go back with me and let me give that little girl my farthing? Wouldn't she be pleased, mamma? Would she know how to spend it?"

'"Suppose you spend it for her, Nanny. People that are cold are often hungry too. Shall we go to the baker's and buy her something to eat?" (To be continued.)

LITTLE FOLKS

The Cuckoo in Jamie's Pocket

(From the 'Christian Uplook.')

'What has happened to my clock, Jane?' cried Mrs. Peck.

Jane, the housemaid, came running into the library. The little Swiss clock that hung on the wall was trying to strike eleven with a hoarse, rasping sound. The small door, from which the bird used to make his appearance, crying, 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' eleven times at this hour, was open; but no bird was there. ''Deed, and I can't tell you, ma'am; but I'm afraid them boys been after it.'

Just then a little boy came bounding into the room. 'Mamma,' he said, 'Aunt Anne came by the gate in her victoria just now, and took Charlie up on the driver's seat. They are going to Cold Sulphur Springs and won't be back till night; but she said that she knew you wouldn't mind.'

'Do you know where the cuckoo that belongs to my clock is, Jamie?' asked his mother.

'No, mamma,' he answered, opening his blue eyes very wide. 'I didn't know that it was gone.'

'Master Jamie,' said the housemaid, 'what's in your pocket?'

Jamie pushed both hands down into the pockets of his short trousers and drew forth the little painted wooden bird belonging to the clock. 'Mamma,' he cried, 'I didn't know that it was in my pocket, and I never had it in my hand before.'

There was a stillness in the room for a minute, and then Jamie's mother said sweetly: 'I can trust you, my boy; you never told me a story in your life. We will find out how it happened some day.'

And so they did. When Charlie came home he owned at once that he had been playing with the clock and broken it.

He had not meant to do it, and he was very sorry.

'But why did you put it in Jamie's pocket?' asked his mother.

Charlie laughed, and Jamie joined in merrily enough. 'That's what comes of our being twins,' said Charlie. 'Jane never can tell us apart. She calls us both Master Jim Charlie; and, although my clothes are marked with a big 'C,' she hangs them on the foot of Jim's bed half the time, because she doesn't know which is which.'

Charlie had to pay for mending the cuckoo clock out of the pocket of his own short trousers, as a punishment for meddling; but to Jamie's ears the little burring sound was always sweet—as sweet as his mother's voice when she said, 'I can trust you, my boy.'

Going 'Souf.'

(By Katharine Hull.)

This is a funny little story because it is about a funny little girl whose name, or nickname, was Fatsy.

One morning Fatsy got out the wrong side of the bed, at least grandmother said so, though Fatsy thought she got out the same side she always did. She quarrelled with her nurse, and she quarrelled with her breakfast, saying that her milk was too hot and her bread was too cold, and when her mother helped her into her cloak and tied on her cap and gave her her school book, Fatsy began to whimper that she'd gone to school long enough and wanted to stay home and knit quilts and have a good time like grandmother!

Everybody in the room laughed, though mother's face was grave in a minute.

'They're in there laughin' at me,' said Fatsy, and—yes, she slammed the door.

Fatsy went to school in a room with a half-dozen other little girls. She had to walk about a hundred yards, and she was such an independent little girl that she always went alone.

'Sendin' me off to school all by myself,' whimpered Fatsy, 'and the wind blowin' like everything! It's too cold to go to school, and that bread was too cold, too, and that milk was too hot, and they're laughin' at me back there.'

Then Fatsy looked up into the sky, because she heard a whir, and she saw ever so many swallows.

'Goin' souf,' she said.

Yes, the swallows were flying southward.

'Goin' where it's warm,' said Fatsy; then she thought what a nice country the south must be.

'Nobody has to go to school in the souf,' said Fatsy, ''cause it's warm, and nobody has to go to school in the summer time.'

Then what did little Fatsy do? She hid her book under the fence, bad little girl that she was, and started in a run after the swallows. On and on they went, the birds in the air, Fatsy in the road; the birds in the air, Fatsy in a field.

The swallows vanished into a pine wood and Fatsy went in, panting. She did not know how tired she was nor how long she had been running.

'This is the souf,' she said, 'an' I b'lieve nothin' but birds live here.' She sat down under a tree; far up she heard the chirping of a bird, then all about her was the sighing of the pines. She lay on her face and began to cry.

A long time afterwards, in the night, Fatsy's father found her and woke her and kissed her with tears on his face.

'Fatsy! Fatsy! Fatsy!' he said.

'I will never go sout any more,' sobbed Fatsy. But it was not until the next day, when the little girl got out the right side of the bed, that she confessed to everybody that she was very sorry, and told them how she had followed the flying swallows.

'Nuffin' but birds live down souf,' concluded Fatsy, ''cause I've been there, and I know.'—Selected.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each or six renewals at forty cents each.

How Peggy Was Rescued.

In one of the most beautiful parts of the county of Devon, high up on a hill overlooking the river Dart, stood a lovely old manor house. It was a fine old place, with its gardens sloping down towards the river, and its many orchards and fields stretching away over the brow of the hill.

The house contained a very happy family, for Mr. and Mrs. Carey believed in making life as bright as possible for their four manly boys

TAKING BRUNO'S PORTRAIT.

and one little girl, whom parents and boys alike petted and spoiled.

Spoiled, did I say! No, she was not spoiled, for Peggy was much too generous and sensible to wish for her own way in everything.

She was only nine years old when her brothers went away to school, and she missed them sorely. If it had not been for her dog, Bruno, I don't know what she would have done for a playmate.

Bruno was a real beauty. He had long, brown silky hair, and he was so big and strong and faithful that Peggy's mother never worried about her little daughter when Bruno was with her.

They ran races and went for long rambles together, and when Peggy's governess went away for her holiday, Bruno was often the little girl's only companion from morning till night.

As a special favor, he was allowed to lie on a mat outside the bedroom door of his little mistress, and he would greet her with joyful barks as soon as the door was opened in the morning, and lick her hands in token of affection.

One glorious summer afternoon, Peggy's mother, who was an invalid, was lying on the sofa in her room, and as her father was busily at work in his study, Peggy resolved to go for a long ramble and bring home some bluebells for her mother, who loved wild-flowers.

She started off with Bruno early in the afternoon. The two friends went by way of the road to the copse where the bluebells grew, carrying the basket between them. Bruno felt very proud, as, with the basket in his mouth, he stalked along by Peggy's side. Then Peggy carried the basket, and Bruno and she had a race down the hill to the copse.

The bluebells were lovely, and Peggy filled her basket to the brim before she was willing to start for home. Then she made up her mind to return by the side of the river in order to pick some meadow-sweet, which she thought would look lovely with the bluebells.

She wandered along by the river thinking how delighted her mother would be with the flowers, when she caught sight of a clump of meadow-sweet growing near the brink of the river.

Now the edge of the river was most unsafe, and Peggy had often been told never to venture within a yard of it. But the flowers made her forget all about the danger and her parent's commands.

She ran towards the river and was just reaching out her hand to grasp the coveted flower, when her foot slipped on the soft moist earth. There was a scream, a splash, and poor little Peggy was struggling in the water.

(To be continued.)

Building.

We are building every day.
In a good or evil way,
And the structure, as it grows,
Must our inmost self disclose,
Till in every arch and line
All our hidden faults outshine.

Do you ask what building this
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo! its name is character.
Build it well, whate'er you do!
Build it straight and strong and true,
Build it clean and high and broad,
Build it for the eye of God.
—James Buckham.

Any Choc'lits?

Myrtle is a dear little Light Bearer. She is so fond of chocolate candy that her grown up friends know just what to bring her. It was very funny to hear her whisper, 'Any choc'lits?' When they came in one day she brought home a lovely red mite box. 'No more choc'lits:' she said soberly; 'I've got to c'lect pennies for heathen babies.' So now she says to aunts and uncles, 'Don't buy choc'lits; put a penny in my box.'—Children's Missionary Friend.

Correspondence

U., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to school every day that it is fit. My birthday is the 17th of January. Do any of the readers of the 'Messenger' know where the word schoolmaster is in the Bible?

ROSA J. ROSE.

R, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I read all the letters and stories. I think the 'Messenger' is a fine paper. I think some of the boys draw very well. I would like very much to have a sister. I will send you a few riddles.

What goes over water, under water, and never touches water?

If there are two pigs in front of a pig, two pigs behind a pig, a pig between two pigs, how many pigs are there?

I hope some of your correspondents will answer these riddles.

WESLEY BIGGER (13).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Turkey.' Mamie Miller (11), S. Ont.

2. 'The little nurse,' Lizzie Rorison (11), A., Que.

3. 'Rory on snowshoes.' E. G. McC. (13), M., Que.

4. 'Our schoolhouse.' Wesley Biggar (13), R., Man.

C., Ont.

Dear Sir,—In answer to a query in a late number of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'How far Jerusalem is from Emmaus.' A missionary who has spent many years in Jerusalem, and has walked the distance, says it is (roughly speaking) about three English miles.

Yours Truly,

J. E. T.

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—I like Sarah Boyd's letter very much.

Vernon, my brother, has an Indian pony who is about thirty years old. She has a little black colt. He has a dog called Leo, whom he hitches to his sleigh, but it will not draw anything.

We have half a mile to go to school. I go every day. I have only missed five or six days. I am in grade five, in the fourth book.

GLADYS W.

C.S.S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—May I join your charming little circle? I enjoy reading your nice paper very much, especially the Temperance and Correspondence pages. I have taken your little paper for a number of years. But I think this is my first letter.

I am fourteen years old. My birthday is on August 15.

I go to school, and am in the ninth grade. I study arithmetic, literature, bookkeeping, geography, geometry, algebra, composition, grammar, history, drawing, writing, spelling and French. I am going to tell you something about the little island that we live on. It is seven miles long, and from two to three miles wide. Cape Island has a population of about 3,000. Clarke's Harbor District has a population of 1,000. The island is divided into six school sections. Clark's Harbor school has eight departments, five of which are in use. There are nine post offices and a large number of general stores. Coasting steamers call several times a week, and a steam ferry plies daily between the island and the mainland. There are many fine beaches. Sportsmen find the best of shooting among the shore birds.

Wishing your paper success, I will say goodbye.

VESTA P. SMITH.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading a number of letters in the 'Messenger' written by the children, so I thought I would write one. I came from England in August, 1904. I have been living in a large school with five or six hundred children for several years. Then quite a number of boys and girls were provided with good clothes and taken to Liverpool. We left that city and went in a very large ship and came to Quebec. Then we took another ship and went to Toronto. We were on the ship for nine days on the ocean, and we had a fine time, but some of us were sea-sick. We came in a train from Toronto to Stratford, and stayed there for a few days. I came to my present home on a farm. I go to school all the time, and in the summer holidays I help with the roots and garden, and I milk cows. The school-house is just across the road from home, and in the summer we have Sunday school there. We go to a beautiful Presbyterian Church, three and a half miles away. We had a Christmas tree there, and I got a Christmas present, and I had a very good time. We had a Christmas tree at home, and we got presents and candies. I have three brothers and one sister. They are all grown up. I am eleven years old, and have grown two inches in two years. I like Canada much better than London. There is more sunshine and fresh air.

MABEL G. M. G.

C., B. C.,

Dear Editor,—I am 13 years old, and I live eight and a quarter miles from town, at my father's mill, there are four other families here beside ours. We have no school, but we expect to get one after a while. Some of the books that I have read are: 'The Adventures of a Brownie,' 'The Story of an African Farm,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' The 'Messenger' is the best paper that we take.

K. L. B.

H., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old .I go to school, and I am in the second grade. I live on an island in the holidays. We have three boats, one big one and two small ones. I can row the small ones. In summer we go fishing and bathing.

J. MERRILL RUSSELL.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and learn arithmetic, writing, geography, spelling and hygiene. I am 11 years old. I get the 'Messenger' from school. I have a brother and two sisters. I am in the third book. I have not been out here very long. I come from London, England. I saw a number of icebergs on the way out. I think the answer of the second puzzle sent by Ethel Gilroy is 'Everybody is breathing at the same time.' I am sending a puzzle.

MAY HARRIES.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get your paper, and like it fine. I saw some riddles in the 'Messenger.' Why is the letter S like a sewing machine Ans. Because S is the first of it. I do not know if that if right. I will send a few.

(1)—What grows with the root upward?

(2)—Nine apples hanging high, nine men pass by, each took an apple. How many were left?

I got my Bagster Bible, and like it fine. Thank you very much for it. I hope to see answers to my riddles.

M. I. B.

C. S. I., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on an island. On this island is a boneless fish factory, where the fishermen sell their fish. The school-house is about three-quarters of a mile from my home. I am in the ninth grade. The studies I take up are geography, history, composition, literature, grammar, botany, physics, geometry, book-keeping, mathematics and drawing. We have a female teacher.

I think the 'Northern Messenger' a fine paper. My sister has taken it for a number of years, and I am sure we could not do without it.

We have a Temperance Band here. All children from five years of age are permitted to join. We take the pledge against liquor and tobacco. I am president. The children seem to enjoy it. A number of the recitations and readings which have appeared in this paper have been used for entertainment. Our school teacher is superintendent.

MARY ATKINSON.

SAVED BY A BATTER-SPOON.

The moon shone brilliantly through the leafless trees of the forest, and lit up the winding foot-path, as Alice Gray, aged fifteen, walked home from doing her mother's shopping in the village.

It was not a night in the 19th century, but long ago, when wild animals roamed the forests of Canada. Alice had no fear. She sang a little song as she hurried onward. Among her purchases was a new batter-spoon for her mother. It kept rattling against the sides of the pail she carried. She pushed it down among the other things and went on.

Hark! What is that sound she hears, that makes her stand still and her face grow pale? Listen! She knows too well the familiar howl of the wolves. They are not far away. Alice looks around helplessly. The trees are too tall to climb, and just now she sees three pairs of hungry eyes gleaming at her from behind the trees.

Home is not far distant now, and she starts to run very fast, not daring to look behind. As she runs the spoon in her pail begins to rattle. She notices that the wolves are slackening their pace. They are mystified by the sound and the moonlight shining on the pail. Alice takes the batter-spoon and beats it on the side of the pail. Like a soldier retreating from the battle-field, she reached home in safety, still beating the pail, while the wolves slunk away in the darkness.

ENDA M. E. JAKES.

(By the handwriting, we judge this is written by a girl under eighteen, but we would like you all to put your age as well as your name to any story you send in.—Cor. Ed.)

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 11, 1906.

Jesus Calling Fishermen.

Luke v., 1-11.

Golden Text.

Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children.—Eph. v., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 5.—Luke v., 1-11.
Tuesday, Feb. 6.—Luke iv., 14-31.
Wednesday, Feb. 7.—John i., 35-51.
Thursday, Feb. 8.—Luke vi., 12-19.
Friday, Feb. 9.—Luke xviii., 18-30.
Saturday, Feb. 10.—Luke x., 1-20.
Sunday, Feb. 11.—Matt. iv., 13-22.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

There was no need to ring a bell to secure Jesus an audience. People flew to Him like filings to a magnet. In this instance it is said the people pressed on Him to hear. The little company who first discovered Him on His early morning walk by the lake, quickly grew to a great concourse. The Master's fertility in expedients had another illustration. It only took Him a moment to convert a boat into a pulpit. The scene makes a theme for an artist. The lake beneath, the sky above, the nine considerable cities on the hill slopes, looking down like distant observers; the mixed multitude crowding to the edge of the shore, their faces mirrored in the water at their feet, and in the fishermen's boat, screened by the loosened sail, the prince of all preachers speaking from the bosom of the placid lake, itself an emblem of the peace He could give. . . . But the sermon was only an incident. His real errand that morning was to call His Apostles. He had already given them what might be called preliminary or probationary calls. From these the disciples were afterward dismissed to attend to their worldly affairs, and while doing so, in their old and familiar environments, and free from excitement of novel situations to think on what they had heard and seen. The calls were also progressive. But this one was final. Jesus had had an open rupture with the ecclesiastical establishment. He must needs now organize His followers. He knew where His pledged men were, and came to enlist them for active service. . . . He prefaced the call by a thrilling pictorial miracle. Nothing could have more significantly taught them what they were to be and do. The command, 'Launch forth into the deep, and let down your net for a draught,' was a surprise. But hesitation, if there was any, was momentarary. Peter quickly laid all his fishermen's lore at Jesus' feet as a sacrifice to his faith. . . . That last 'catch' after the old order was a symbol of the future occupation. The size of the 'take' was a pledge of future success in the new calling. That miracle took Peter and his comrades where they were, in their natural environment and every-day employment. It was all the more significant to them, the better understood and appreciated. . . . The considerateness of Jesus in thus encouraging His disciples is characteristic and worthy of note. He was asking these men to join their fortunes with His, an excommunicated man, to sunder ties of tribes and family, to abandon the only means of livelihood they were familiar with. Again they were called, not merely to be learners like the followers of the average rabbis, not to be recipients, but doers. They were to launch out and let down their net into the sea of human life. They were (to translate it literally) to take men alive; to persuade and make converts. And that, too, under the very shadow of a great and hostile ecclesiastical establishment. . . . If ever men needed to be heartened, it was the four men Jesus called that day. If ever men had immediate and divine encouragement, it was in this instance. That miracle put gimp in their backs. The moment they could get their ships ashore, they forsook all and followed Him.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

It is helpful to recall Jesus' precious dealings with these men. . . . During Jesus' 40 days in the wilderness, His Messianic character and work fully dawned upon Him. There He evolved His plans and the principles of procedure, to which He adhered to the very close of His career. . . . He came back to the vast concourse still attending the ministry of John the Baptist at the fords of the Jordan as to a human quarry from which he could select living stones as the foundation of that spiritual edifice He designed to rear. Nor was He disappointed. He found five out of the twelve. . . . When John saw Him, he gave Him a joyous welcome. No shade of jealousy crossed his noble heart. He unequivocally cast the full weight of his phenomenal influence upon the side of the new teacher, crying, 'Behold, the Lamb of God!' . . . . On the morrow, as Jesus reappeared, John repeated his significant exclamation with even increased emphasis. It was as if he had said, 'Whoever wishes to leave me now and follow this great Teacher, is at full liberty to do so.' Two of the choicest spirits among His converts, John and Andrew, take the hint and separate themselves forever from the rugged Baptist to follow the lowly Jesus. The Nazarene hears their footsteps, and, turning, encourages them with look and word. They are drawn to him, as iron to the magnet. Under the fresh-cut boughs of a pilgrim booth, or in the copol depths of some grotto, they sit at His feet and learn of Him, their hearts burning within them as He unfolds to them the principles of His kingdom. Then and there was kindled in the human soul of Jesus that love which made John evermore His bosom companion.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 11.—Topic—How to conquer temptation. Matt. xxvi., 41; I. Cor. x., 12, 13; Jas. iv., 7; Heb. ii., 18; iv., 14-16; xii., 1-12. (A temperance topic.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE LOST KINGDOM.

Monday, Feb. 5.—War with the Philistines. I. Sam. xiii., 5-7.

Tuesday, Feb. 6.—The burnt offering. I. Sam. xiii., 8-10.

Wednesday, Feb. 7.—What Samuel had said. I. Sam. x., 8.

Thursday, Feb. 8.—Disobedience. I. Sam. xiii., 13.

Friday, Feb. 9.—My crown. Rev. ii., 10.

Saturday, Feb. 10.—Keep thy crown. Rev. iii., 11.

Sunday, Feb. 11.—Topic—A king who lost his kingdom. I. Sam. xiii., 11-14.

Points for Teachers.

What is the best method of looking up absent scholars?

For the teacher to visit them in person before the following Sunday; or write a personal letter to each absentee; or send a postal; or send a printed notice of the absence, such as might be sent to all absentees; or send work to the absentee by some scholars who are present.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists. J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

Is it Well With the Child?

Dear teachers, when you go before your classes and look into the tender impressionable faces of those dear children providentially committed to your care, let the question of the old prophet come into your heart, 'Is it well with the child?' But how can you answer unless you know that that child's soul is saved? You need not be anxious about the problem of their 'holding out.' Children are apt to make the very best and most faithful Christians. Mr. Spurgeon said that in his great congregation his most loyal and consecrated members were those who had accepted Christ before they were twelve years old. There is nothing so satisfactory as leading a child to Christ, for no one but God can know the blessed results; it may not be simply that life which has been won to the Saviour, but through the influence of that life, scores of others may be redeemed. Sometimes an entire household has been transformed by the conversion of a single child in that home. He who takes a child by the hand, takes the parents by the heart. Many a godless father has been led to the Saviour by his own converted child.

Will you not make this subject one of earnest prayer. Will you not pray for each member of your class individually, that the holy spirit may use your words, your life, your example, to bring them to salvation? Then will you not make it a definite and all-absorbing object through the coming months to lead each one of your class to Christ? Not through any mere emotional appeal, nor undue urging to public acts of committal, but pressing the one point of personal decision for Christ. Thus will you become in very deed co-workers with our Lord Jesus Christ. 'He that winneth souls is wise.' 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.' May yours not be a starless crown.—Rev. H. D. Marten, D.D.

The Cost of Burning a Martyr

In the British Museum a very interesting and at the same time an extremely pathetic d . ment is to be seen. This is nothing less than the bill which was charged to the authorities for the burning of the three noble martyrs, Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley.

The bill runs as follows:

'Charge for burning the bodies of Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley:—For three loads of wood fagots, 12s.; item, one load furze fagots, 3s. 4d. item, for carriage, 2s. 6d. item, a post, 2s. 4d. item, two chains, 3s. 4d.; item, two tables, 6d.; item, laborers, 2s. 8d.; total, £1 6s. 8d.'—'The Religious Intelligencer.'

Order in the School.

Have a uniform order of exercises. The teachers and scholars will soon learn and observe the times when attention is required.

2. Arrange order of exercises so that there are as few changes as possible from attention to class duties to attention to general exercises.

3. Quiet and consistent order in and about the desk will go far to producing order among the scholars.

4. The separation of those who are inclined to disturb by talking is often desirable, but should not be used unless milder measures have failed.

5. The distribution of papers, etc., to the school should always be had at such times as the attention to the desk, or the lesson, or to the singing book, is not required.

6. If, during the singing there is disorder, delay the announcement of the new number until quiet is restored. A glance from the desk is generally sufficient, if directed to the persons requiring it. If it does not cease, a kindly expressed request suggesting that it is better to have the book open, and follow the words, if one cannot sing, than to disturb others, often suffices. If not, then the handling of a book, with the place found, and a gentle request, will bring almost anyone to terms. If more energetic methods are necessary, should all other means fail, the unruly ones should be excluded from the school, and further work be done with them at their homes, until brought to right behavior.

We do not cover all the ground, but merely outline a practice that has worked remarkably well in a school of from five hundred to seven hundred.—'Sunday School Monthly.'

Going 'Anywhere.'

'I think a Christian can go anywhere,' said a young woman who was defending her continued attendance at some very doubtful places of amusement.

'Certainly she can,' rejoined her friend; 'but I am reminded of a little incident which happened last summer, when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide of the party.

'"Can I wear a white dress into the mine?" she asked petulantly.

'"Yes'm," returned the old man; "there's nothin' to keep you from wearin' a white frock down there, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearin' one back."'

There is nothing to prevent the Christian wearing his white garments when he seeks the fellowship of that which is unclean, but there is a good deal to prevent him from wearing white garments afterwards.— The 'Outlook.'

'The Sound of GentleStillness'

(Mary Child, in the 'Examiner.')

There was no doubt but the children were in a sad pickle. They had started from the Ferry where they were staying, on a four-mile walk to the bigger seaside resort, in order to meet Bob. He was only just coming to them.

They had not paid much attention to the tide, consequently, on their way, they found at one point it was hardly out far enough.

'Hullo!' cried Dick, 'what shall we do with the girls?' The preacher pondered the situation with a pre-occupied air. 'I always think you hear voices in the waves. Sometimes God is speaking. To-day the voices are too decided and brisk. They must belong to Michael and all his angels.'

'Stow preaching,' cried Dick, shortly, 'and leave that for Sundays. How are we to get along the beach?' A bigger wave surged up to the wooden breakwaters, and broke over them, its back sweep touching the very last pile against the stone wall of a garden. Lulu commenced weeping, as a matter of course. At the sight of her tears Percy came back to things mundane. 'They take some time in coming up again,' he replied, watching the succeeding wave surging on the beach. 'It is only now and then the last pile is covered,' he added, 'perhaps we can rush them along one by one.'

'That's the ticket,' replied Dick, 'the small fry we can carry over. I'll take Syd. Cis and Katie must wait till we get back.'

He hoisted Syd on his back, bidding him cling tightly. After another big wave had swamped the wall, he started clambering over the piles as rapidly as he could. Lulu screamed and kicked the preacher when he assayed to help her. She declared she would not go in case the waves swallowed her like they did poor Jonah. The preacher was too upset to correct her theology, and was almost reduced to tearful despair when Dick hurried back. That masterful young man picked up the struggling mite and started on the voyage perilous once more. The refractory little maiden impeded his progress and just as he reached the last breakwater the wave caught them, spraying them all over.

'Here, Syd, you coax her to good temper,' he shouted, depositing her on the beach, and hurrying back to the girls. They had commenced crawling along with a guiding hand from Percy. Dick clambered on to the wall, and pulled Percy up. By such means they were both able to help the girls.

'Look out, and hold on tight,' cried Percy, 'I believe it is coming.'

That time the party were simply deluged. Frightened and breathless they scrambled down to the spot where Syd and Lulu were sitting.

'Whew,' said Cis, 'that was nasty. Whatever would mother have said if we had been drowned?'

'The question is, what will Bob say when he sees us,' retorted Dick. 'We do look guys.'

As the piles had been newly tarred, and were slimy with the fresh tidal deposit of sea-weed, foam, and sand, it is needless to dwell on the appearance of the party after their adventure.

'Bob's all right,' commenced the singer readily. When she looked down at her white dress she stopped in dismay.

'Aren't they awful?' murmured Katie. 'How nasty and wet they are!'

'Let us walk quickly,' suggested the preacher, 'maybe we shall dry.'

The walk dried them to some extent, and they hurried on to the station as the train steamed in.

'Look, there's Bob,' cried the singer, getting in everybody's way, and calling out their tale of woe as she went.

Now, Bob had journeyed down with a school chum, who was inclined to put on airs and graces, the kind of boy which is, unhappily, growing up in our suburbs. Bob had rather bragged of his family on the way down. Imagine his feelings when the family turned up looking more like scarecrows than human beings. He ignored Cissie altogether, and turned to say good-bye to the chum.

'Good-bye, Bob,' replied the supercilious young man, with a wealthy air. 'I suppose I shall find some decent folk down here, or else it will be a beastly dull holiday.'

To the parents who awaited him at the hotel he complained of the swarm of dirty kids who had come to meet them. 'I expect Bob is a nobody,' he said, 'and I shall have to cut him.'

Bob reddened with shame as the other drove off in a fly. He had not yet learned that manners, not clothes, maketh man. He did not know that the grand chum was the son of an illiterate moneyed man who had simply sprung from nothing.

He marched out of the station without a word, followed by the crestfallen crowd. They had suddenly realized their general untidiness, and were only too thankful to get away from an inquisitive public.

'The idea of your coming to meet me in this state,' he commenced angrily, when they had passed the last straggling visitor. 'I am suprised at you, Percy, you generally look so extra clean. Look at Lulu's face, all begrimed and streaky, where she has been crying. And I don't know what father would say, Cis. Your and Katie's dresses are simply awful, and the state of your hair! It's too bad on a fellow to have such a tribe of ragamuffins turn up when he has a swell chum with him.'

'I don't know about a swell, but he is no gentleman,' replied his sister tearfully. He never lifted his hat. Even if we are dirty, we know how to behave.'

'He's no swell,' cried Katie, stamping her foot, 'sneering at us, and then driving off in a hired fly. Perhaps you would have liked one as well,' she continued, indignant with Bob for calling attention to her appearance before the preacher.

'None of your impudence,' retorted Bob, 'I was speaking to Cis.'

'We thought you would like us to come,' said the preacher, and on the way we were nearly drowned.' But the dulcet tones made Bob more angry. 'Served you right for a set of little fools,' he muttered, striding ahead.

'Oh, what would father say?' whispered Cis in scandalized tones, while Dick clenched his fist and mumbled angrily, 'Don't call me a fool.'

'Thought he would have tweated us,' said Syd wearily, 'shabby old thing!'

The party stumbled along in gloomy silence, with the girls lagging in the rear. Presently the ludicrous side of the situation dawned upon them, and as usual in such cases, they started giggling.

This was fuel to the fire, and Bob, nearly beside himself, turned to rend them. At that instant the black cloud which had been slowly creeping over the face of the sky burst upon them, and they were presently in the midst of one of the most terrible storms of hail, thunder, and lightning they had ever seen. Bob caught up the shrieking Lulu, and hurried to a solitary tent, followed by the rest of the frightened children.

'Don't cry, darling,' said the singer, on the verge of tears herself, 'we are quite safe here.'

'Lulu thought God angry with her,' wailed the little one, still clinging to Bob.

'No, dear, we have not done anything wrong,' answered Cissie. 'God is not angry.' Another vivid flash, followed by a terrific clap, frightened her into silence, and the children crept closer together.

'Lulu thought God angry, 'cause Bob was.'

'Bob was a brute,' was the candid answer as that hero kissed her on the top of her head. He had grown ashamed of himself.

'Bob is quite as dirty as we are, anyway,' said Kate. 'Lulu has spoilt his collar and muddied all his clothes.'

'Don't care, so long as I have Lulu in here safe. I am sorry I was so unkind,' he said to the group collectively. The children forgave him on the spot. They seldom quarrelled, and never bore malice.

'I almost wanted to fight you just now,' said Dick.

'We are sorry we giggled,' said the singer, 'but we did look so funny.' And she went off into a merry peal of laughter again.

'I brought down some goodies,' said Bob, 'we may as well have a tuck in now.'

A chorus of delighted 'Oh's' greeted him as he opened his bag.

Meanwhile the preacher sat apart. He had crawled to the flap of the tent, and was enjoying the storm.

'Hullo, father!' he called out lustily, as a figure hurried along the beach. Fortunately the wind carried his voice. His father looked up. 'Thank God you are safe,' he exclaimed, scrambling into the tent. 'The storm is nearly spent. What a good thing you took shelter. I hope none of you will take cold.' He nodded to Bob as he spoke. 'Bob bwoughted us,' said Lulu, with her mouth full. Her father took her on his knee. 'My word, what stickiness!' he exclaimed, as he kissed her. 'And what scarecrows you all look!'

An eager chorus told him of the adventure, but no one spoke of Bob's unkindness. The only one who ever told tales was Syd. Cupboard-love on this occasion kept him tongue-tied.

'And what is my son and brother thinking about?' continued the minister, looking over to where Percy still lay full length.

'Oh, such a lovely rainbow!' cried the boy eagerly.

There was a general stampede to the open.

'The rain has quite gone,' exclaimed the singer wonderingly. 'What a lovely sky!'

'His bow is in the heavens,' murmured the minister. 'See, children, it dips in the sea at each end.'

'How quiet it is now,' mused the singer, 'the waves seem to have gone to sleep.'

The preacher looked eagerly at her. 'Have you noticed it as well?' he whispered.

His father smiled at his expression. 'Percy shall tell us what he means, and then we will start for home.'

Percy always felt shy of expressing himself before the father he worshipped. 'It is like the story of Elijah at the cave,' he said hesitatingly.

'Tell us the story,' entreated his father persuasively.

'Just now Lulu cried, and said she thought God was angry with her. She thought God spoke in the thunder.'

'Yes, go on.'

'But the story means that God did not speak in the thunder.'

'Shall I read the story?' said the minister, taking out his little Bible. He concluded very impressively: 'But the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire: but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire, a still small voice.'

The awed silence was broken by the singer. 'Preacher, do you mean God is in the waves?'

'No, and yes,' he answered eagerly. 'The margin in the Revised Bible says, "a still small voice" means "a sound of gentle stillness." When it is so quiet, the stillness seems to make a sound, that is, if you listen.'

The boys laughed, but the minister gazed at his dreaming son with the affection of a kindred soul.

'Oh, preacher, then, do you mean God is speaking now?' whispered the singer with her almost angelic expression. 'How dear of Him after the trouble and fright we have had!'

HOUSEHOLD.

Mother's Room.

'Tis the cheerlest room in the household,
With window-seat battered and bruised;
Where the carpets, the chair and the table
Are never too good to be used.

Here little ones come with their sorrows,
Or bubble with laughter and noise;
Bring sweetest caresses and kisses,
And scatter their books and their toys.

There's an unceasing patter of small feet,
An opening and shutting of doors;
And the room that was swept and garnished
Is covered with spoils and stores.

In the dawn of a summer morning
There's a scampering down the stairs,
And everyone knows they are coming;
They whisper so loud their affairs.

And when the day's lesson is over,
They come, with their chatter and song,
To the sunniest room, where dear mother
And all that is lovely belong.

If the threads of their lives get tangled,
She quietly straightens them out,
And gathers them, sweetly united,
Her little low rocker about.

Dear mother, o'er all presiding,
O honored and beautiful queen,
You gather your loving subjects
With a grace that is rarely seen.

Then who, to keep spotless and tidy
The carpets, the windows and doors,
Would lose the sweet laughter of childhood,
And love from such beautiful stores?

—'Vick's Magazine.'

Two Life Stories.

About forty years ago two sisters married at the same time. The elder, whom we shall call Anna, became the wife of a man of wealth, and, when she married she adopted a calm resolution to use the opportunities that wealth gave to go good in the world.

She died a year or two ago. She had been a prominent member of the church and of society. She was liberal with her gifts to all charities; 'to give,' she was accustomed to say, 'sweetened the moral nature.' Nor was she ostentatious in her giving, for she remembered the injunction, 'Be not as the hypocrites are.' Only she never gave to the extent of making a sacrifice.

She was a constant church goer. She read at a certain time each day a chapter in the Bible, and never failed to conduct family worship. On Sabbath afternoons she took apart each of her children in turn, read, and prayed with them. The prayer was very much the same each Sabbath, and it never brought a tear to her eyes or to theirs. 'To be perfect in every good word and work,' was, she frequently stated, her object in life.

She was a woman of great beauty and sound health, and was extremely careful to preserve both of these gifts. She walked, worked, ate and slept by rule. She would not allow her children to wear bright colors, lest they might affect her eyes. For the same reason she never permitted herself to weep. Indeed, she avoided the sight of pain or suffering, as grief she said disturbed the digestive organs. She fulfilled all of her duties in the letter, but not one of them in the spirit.

When she died, it was found that she had made every arrangement for a handsome coffin and monument. The only comment upon her was, 'She was a remarkably well preserved woman,' and she was then dismissed and forgotten even by her children.

Her sister Jane was of a different temperament. She was a plain, awkward woman, who had so little cause to be pleased with her person that very early in life she forgot it altogether. She married a poor farmer, was the mother of a large family of boys, and adopted, besides, two orphans, children of friends still poorer than her husband.

She worked early and late, sewing, cleaning, nursing. Now it was her husband for whom she toiled, now the children, now a neighbor, now some poor creature whom nobody else cared to help.

She had her flashes of temper, she made mistakes; she was full of faults; but she brought them with bitter tears to her Master, and struggled on.

While her sister was youthful and placid and smiling, she was wrinkled and old, her hands hard with labor. Something of herself—of her thought, her high hopes, her warm love, her strength—she gave to all who came near her.

It was no wonder that she showed how heavy the drain had been upon her; but her husband and children and friends loved her tenderly in spite of her faults. The hard, rough hands that worked so faithfully in their service were the fairest on earth to them. More than all, she led her children, one after another, to the Savior who was so real and near to her.

When, at last, she lay down, silent and still, waiting until God should summon her to work elsewhere, there was not a man or woman who did not feel that a friend and helper had gone out of the world.

If we would serve God or our brothers we must put something of ourselves into the sacrifice. It is the heart's blood that must be laid on the altar, not merely orderly habits or pleasant words. If we give all our goods to feed the poor and our bodies to be burned and have not that self sacrificing love it profiteth us nothing.

'I thank Thee, Father, for the care,
Which fills my heart and makes it fair;
The sunshine and the pleasant rain,
The seed which grows to golden grain;
The tender love surrounding me;
For all these gifts so sent to me
I thank Thee.'

—Selected.

Household Hints.

Good housekeepers should always keep on hand a supply of simple remedies for use in case of accidents.

It is wise to have a medicine chest and place every needed remedy in it labelled so that you will know where to place your hands upon them. It will reduce your doctor's and druggist's bills, as there are many little simple home remedies which give relief.

Such things as witch hazel, arnica, balsam, vaseline, mustard leaves, linseed oil, lime water, boracic acid, pulverized borax, poultice bags, scraped linen, camphor, paregoric—all these are useful, helpful remedies.

Keep a medicine chest, and a measuring glass for giving medicines. For a sore throat a gargle of salt water and powdered borax mixed half and half is excellent. Linseed oil and lime water mixed until it looks like cream is good for burns and scalds.—Sara H. Henton, in N.Y. 'Observer.'

Why Women Have the 'Blues'

'Why do so many women have melancholia?' repeated the doctor, who has a large practice among the 'depressed' and 'nervous' feminine population. 'Because they don't care to avoid it. Because they absolutely disregard the rules of mental and physical well-being. Because they would rather eat what they like and suffer indigestion and the blues afterwards than to eat what is good for them but doesn't tickle their palates. Because they'd rather sit about on soft cushions than take a tramp six miles through the open air. Because they haven't enough to occupy their minds and their hands.'

Then the doctor paused to take breath, and began again somewhat less aggressively:

'It is never the women who have cause to feel blue,' he said, 'who indulge in blues. The women who have shiftless husbands, hard-hearted landlords, sick babies and all the usual accompaniments of poverty never grow so depressed that they have to be treated for it. They are too busy. It's the woman with an adorning family, social position and a comfortable income who doesn't find life worth living. It isn't the servant girl who gets up at six to kindle the fire and who slaves all day who indulges in melancholia, but the daughter of the family who arises at eight, dawdles over her breakfast, reads a little, practices a little, shops a little, craves excitement with all her heart, and is melancholic because she doesn't have it.

'There is no habit which grows upon one so rapidly,' went on the doctor. 'It becomes a disease in a very short time. My own plan, whenever I feel an attack coming on is to put on my walking boots and tramp vigorously as far as I can. It is simply impossible to exercise and feel blue at the same time. Of course, a general care of the health is necessary, and work is the chief factor in effecting a cure. Every woman who has a tendency to melancholia should have an occupation which, if it doesn't entirely absorb her, will at least keep her busy. And she should give her mind up to practical rather than theoretical affairs. She should study how to stop a squeaking door, or how to make an overshoe that won't come off at the heel, rather than the teachings of the theosophical school or the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. Ordinarily good health, plenty of exercise, plenty of work, and an interest in the affairs of this world are the great preventives and cures of melancholia.'—London Doctor.

Selected Recipes.

LADY FINGER PUDDING.—15 or 20 cents' worth of lady fingers; fill with jelly, beat yolks of 6 eggs with one and a half cups milk; flavor with sugar and vanilla; add whites eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour this mixture over lady fingers and bake.

KALECANON.—Kalecanon is the time-honored name for warmed-over cabbage and potatoes. The two vegetables are chopped fine, mixed together and highly seasoned. Some fat—preferably from corned beef or salt pork—is heated in a spider, the mixture turned in and cooked without stirring until smoking hot but not colored.

WALNUT PUDDING.—Two cups flour, half cup water, 1 cup sugar, half cup butter, half cup of chopped walnuts, 2 teaspons baking powder, 3 unbeaten eggs. Cream butter and sugar, beating in eggs as you do so, one at a time; add flour with powder sifted together, alternately with water, then stir in the broken walnuts. Bake nearly an hour and eat with a good sauce. Sauce: One pint boiling milk, yolks of 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful corn starch, rubbed smooth in a little cold milk, 1 tablespoon sugar.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Peel and slice four large oranges, lay them in a dish; sprinkle over them 1 cup sugar. Make custard of 3 eggs, yolks only, half cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 1 quart of boiling milk. Let this boil and thicken. When cold, pour over the oranges. Beat the whites with 3 teaspoons sugar, flavor with vanilla; pour over custard, set in oven to brown. Add strawberries and bananas to oranges if desired.

FRICASSE OF LAMB.—Wipe the meat, cut it into convenient pieces, and remove the larger bones and the bone chips, then cut again into pieces for serving and reject all that is objectionable. Often the fatty substance in the back bone is tainted, and if so remove it. Put a tablespoonful of butter or a thin slice of fat salt pork into a Scotch bowl, and when it is hot and brown put in the meat and cook it uncovered until the meat is brown all over, being careful that it does not burn. Then turn in one cup of boiling water, cover it tightly, and let it cook slowly, keeping that amount of water in all the time. Cook about two hours or until very tender and the bones slip out. Then remove the meat, discard any loose bones, remove the fat from the liquor, and add half a cup of tomato ketchup or of sliced tomato pickle to the gravy. Thicken it with flour wet in cold water, and add more salt if needed. Put the meat in again, let it boil up once, and serve in a shallow dish.—'Kitchen Magazine.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

COME! LET US REASON TOGETHER

THIS is a full-page advertisement, telling you of Vitae-Ore, the most wonderful mineral remedial agent the world has known, offering it ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL, the user to be the judge and not to pay a cent until benefited. This space is paid for in cash at full rates, and costs many dollars, as the editor will tell you. We have had many more in this paper, as well as in 1,254 other publications in the United States and Canada. You have seen them, all of you have; you have heard them talked about, have heard Vitae-Ore talked about, have heard many of your friends and neighbors, who have used the medicine, tell how it is offered, how it always cures.

WHAT better proof can be furnished that Vitae-Ore does everything it is advertised to do, that it cures every disease we recommend it to cure, that it satisfies all users and that they, being satisfied, pay at the end of the thirty-day trial period. All Vitae-Ore advertisements must be paid for with Vitae-Ore money, and all Vitae-Ore money comes from Vitae-Ore patients, patients who are satisfied, who are benefited, who are cured! We could not continue advertising year after year, spending thousands month after month, could not send out thousands of trial packages, postpaid, day after day, if V.-O. did not cure, if trial patients did not pay.

LET US reason together! What greater argument can we offer, what more can you wish, what additional proof need we show? Our very existence, the stability and growth of our enterprise (and it has grown like a green-bay tree) depend upon each treatment satisfying, each patient paying for it. Think it over! Reason it out for yourself! Doesn't it show that you must, in justice to yourself, your family and those about you, in justice to our claims and our remedy, send for a package of Vitae-Ore on trial as we offer you, as thousands of readers of this paper, including many of your neighbors, have sent for it. Doesn't it show that WE KNOW it will cure you?

WE TAKE ALL THE RISK! You are to be the judge! It is different from all other treatments, as you will know with the first dose. It looks different, smells different, tastes different and ACTS differently, a difference that is the explanation of the speedy cure it will bring to you if you will give it a chance. If you have been using other treatments and have lost faith in advertised medicines, if you have sworn to yourself never to give another treatment a trial, if you are totally disgusted, sick, worn out, suffering, it is now time that you send for it and allow it to do you the good it has done others. It costs you nothing unless it helps you. Read our offer!

THIS IS OUR OFFER

THAT HAS MADE V.-O. FAMOUS

WE WILL SEND TO ALL readers of this paper a full-sized $1.00 package of VITÆ-ORE, by mail, postpaid, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within thirty days' time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and doses of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. If not, no money is wanted! **We take all the risk, you have nothing to lose.** If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. We ask no references, we want no security; just your promise to use it and pay if it helps you. Just say that you need it, that you want it, and it will be sent to you, as it has been sent to hundreds of other readers of this paper. We want you to have it and gladly send it, taking your word for the results obtained. There is nothing to pay, neither now nor later, if it does not help you. We give you thirty days' time to try the medicine, thirty days to see the results before you pay us one cent, and you do not pay the one cent unless you do see the results. **You are to be the judge!** We know Vitae-Ore and are willing to take the risk. We have done so in thousands of cases and are not sorry. Your case, no matter how hard or obstinate it may be, will be no exception.

What Vitæ-Ore is: VITÆ-ORE is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver in the neighborhood of a once powerful, but now extinct mineral spring. It requires twenty years for oxidation by exposure to the air, when it slacks down like lime and is then of medicinal value. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, three properties which are most essential for the retention of health in the human system, and one package (one ounce) of the ORE, when mixed with a quart of water, will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful mineral water found on the globe, drank fresh at the springs. The mineral properties which give to the waters of the world's noted healing and mineral springs their curative virtue come from the rock or MINERAL ORE through which the water is filtered on its way to its outlet, only a very small proportion of the medicinal power in the ORE being thus assimilated with or absorbed by the liquid stream. The rock contains the much desired medicine, the water serves as the conveyance to carry but a small part of its properties to the outer world. Vitæ-Ore is a discovery of this medicine-bearing rock, a geological discovery, to which nothing is added and from which nothing is taken. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, LaGrippe, Blood Poisoning, Piles, Sores, Malarial Fevers, Nervous Prostration, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Catarrh, Female Complaints, Stomach Disorders, as thousands testify, and as no one answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. VITÆ-ORE has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription it is possible to procure. If yours is such a case, do not doubt, do not fear, do not hesitate, but **send for it today!**

You are to be the Judge!

Vitae-Ore will do the same for you as it has done for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will give it a trial. Send for a $1.00 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's money whom Vitae-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitae-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write today for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and your ailments, and mention this paper. Do not write on a postal.

Health is such an important factor in your success and happiness that if you are in any way ailing, you should not procrastinate, should not put it off, but should begin the proper treatment immediately, before the trouble has a chance to become settled in any of the vital organs, to spread to other parts, or to become aggravated in its developments. Vitæ-Ore will do for you what nothing else will in putting each organ in a healthy condition, in upbuilding and invigorating you. **Send for a package to-day on thirty days trial.**

Vitæ-Ore is not a stimulant, not a narcotic, not a drug, but is an antiseptic constitutional tonic for every vital force of man—a food for blood, brain, brawn and bone—and is worth more than its weight in gold to all who suffer from any of the many ills which unfit men and women for the full enjoyment of life and its duties.

THREE IN A FAMILY

Cured by Vitæ-Ore.

Read the Following Letter—It Shows Why Vitae-Ore Can Be Sent Out to Everyone on Our "No Benefit, No Pay" Plan—V.-O. Does the Work—That's Why.

GORRIE, ONT.

We owe much to Vitæ-Ore, my husband, my brother and myself, and in recommending it to our friends and neighbors we try only to repay a small part of the debt. For many years I suffered with a sore back; it hurt me to bend it, to pick up something from the floor; at times the pain would be so bad I could hardly move. Then Sciatica developed and the misery I suffered was indeed something terrible. I tried every medicine and treatment which I thought would do me any good, but got very little benefit. I was almost without hope of relief when I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement, and I procured a trial package only as a last resort. It was offered so fairly that I thought there might be

some good in it, and I knew I did not have to pay for it if it did not do some good for me. By the time I had used half of the package I felt that at last I had found the right remedy, and I continued with it until I was sure the benefit was lasting. This was three years ago and I am still cured today.

My husband, who has been afflicted with Stomach Trouble, began its use upon seeing what it accomplished in my case, and it produced the same beneficial results for him, doing him more good than all of the medicines he had taken.

I was then so impressed with its wonderful powers that I sent a package to my brother in Manitoba, who had been given up as incurable with Rheumatism and Dropsy, and who, also, had a very bad running sore or ulcer on his leg. Before he had taken the entire package I had sent him, the sore was almost entirely healed and his health began to return. He had not been able to work for years, but after using altogether three packages, his health was so remarkably improved that he was able to return to his regular work. His wife writes me: "We cannot say too much in praise of Vitæ-Ore. It has made a new man of George."

I send my husband's and my own photograph, and am glad to add our testimonials to the long list who say, "Vitæ-Ore has cured me."

MRS. EDW. GALBRAITH.

It only takes two words to explain the wonderful success and popularity of V.O.—IT CURES

NOT A PENNY UNLESS BENEFITED! This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. Address

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Refooting Stockings.

After stockings have been darned till one feels that that sort of repair is no longer worth while, refooting will give them a fresh lease of life, and it is such simple work that no one need hesitate about attempting it. As some of the stockings will have to be cut up to make new feet for the rest, you will not have quite as many after you have finished your work as you had before.

On any suitable day, get some kind friend to help you, and you will be delighted to see how fast you get on. The pattern required for the stocking-feet is cut from the old stocking. Take an old stocking foot; cut it into four pieces, splitting the sole, the sides of the heel, and the instep, and cut your new foot like it, only allowing good turnings.

The refooted stockings will be shorter than before for the instep will have to come up higher, so that the worn out toes and heels may be cut away, and others fashioned higher up, where the stockings are still strong and good. This will also bring the ankle higher, so that it will be necessary to take in the seams of the legs. From the strong part of another pair of stockings, the new soles of the feet will come. When all the parts have been neatly sewn together, press out the turning and herring-bone them down, so that they may not ruck up and cause discomfort to the wearer of the stockings

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

OUR MAIL BAG.

Seeley's Bay, Ont., Jan. 11, 1906.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed I remit renewal subscription for thirty copies of the 'Northern Messenger' for 1906 for Seeley's Bay Methodist Sunday-school. Our school would not be without the 'Messenger' and its weekly appearance is anxiously looked for. With best wishes, I remain as ever yours sincerely,

ARTHUR LIKELY.

Colchester, Vt., Jan. 18.

Dear Sirs,—In renewing my subscription for the 'Witness' allow me to congratulate you on your Diamond Jubilee year. Your paper was always a welcome visitor in my father's home for many years and since I have had a home of my own I have always taken the 'Witness,' and if at any time a number goes astray I feel it a great loss. We can always depend on the 'Witness' on all moral and religious subjects, and I hope that you will have greater prosperity than ever.

We decided in Sunday-school last Sunday to subscribe for twenty-five or thirty copies of the 'Northern Messenger.' Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE SKINNER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find cheque to renew my subscription to the 'World Wide,' which I consider to be a very necessary part of my existence.

Very truly yours,
H. PERCIVAL ALLEN.

Innerskip, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I wish to extend congratulations on the occasion of the 'Witness's' Diamond Jubilee. My father, I think, was one of the earliest subscribers to the 'Witness,' and some member or members of our family, I believe, have taken it ever since. It has followed one branch of the family to the other side of the earth, when he resided at Horsham, in the state of Victoria, Australia. I have myself taken it for many years, and now feel that we could not keep house without it. I am, yours very truly,

B. L. COHOE,
Methodist minister.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—When I began my ministry, more than fifty years ago, I became a subscriber for the 'Witness,' and have taken it steadily since. I can safely say that in this I acted wisely, and can recommend it as worthy of a place in every Christian home. In my old age I do not wish to give up old friends, and remit for the current year. Wishing you continued success, yours truly,

PETER LINDSAY.

New Westminster, B.C.

Dear Sirs,—It is with pleasure I join the many thousands of friends of the 'Witness' in congratulations upon its Diamond Jubilee. I have been a subscriber of both the 'Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' for a number of years on Prince Edward Island, our former home, and now in this city. I feel that both papers are indispensable in our home. In my opinion, as a family paper they have no equal.

(MRS.) WM. NELSON.

[The 'Weekly Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' are sent to one address for $1.20 a year.]

Thornbury.

Dear Sirs,—Please send thirty-five copies of the 'Northern Messenger,' for use in St. Paul Presbyterian School for 1906. The scholars of our school and their parents enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger' very much.

Yours truly,
T. G. IDLE.

Baltimore.

Dear Sirs,—Our Sabbath-school wish to take the 'Northern Messenger' again. We have taken it for a good many years and made a change last year, but are glad to come back to it again. Please forward twenty-five copies, and enclosed find five dollars.

Yours truly,
MARY MANN.

Carleton Place, Ont.

Gentlemen,—I enclose a P. O. order to pay for one hundred thirty copies of the 'Northern Messenger' for 1906. The 'Messenger' has been distributed in Zion Church Sabbath-school for over twenty-five years, and is very much appreciated by the scholars and officers of the school. I have great pleasure in recommending its use in every Sunday-school throughout the Dominion,

Yours very truly,
F. McEWEN,
Librarian Zion Church Sunday-school.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

St. Mary's, Ont.

Gentlemen,—I was reading your paper over fifty-two years ago and have been a steady subscriber for over thirty years. I can't say how many 'Messengers' I have paid for, but I presume about one hundred. Success to the clean, fearless 'Witness.' May it long be spared to uphold the right and denounce the wrong, so that it may always, as now, have the largest share of any periodical in the Dominion in strengthening the moral and spiritual character of our rapidly increasing population. Wishing you a happy and prosperous new year.

ALEX. WOOD.

Windsor, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Allow me to thank you for sending me such a beautiful 'Pictorial New Testament' for those renewals of the 'Northern Messenger.' I heartily join in the many congratulations you are receiving on your 'Diamond Jubilee' of the Montreal 'Witness.' May you, dear sir, be long spared in your valuable work of conducting such a priceless paper for the benefit of humanity and the uplifting of its many readers.

Respectfully,
(MRS.) F. SMITH.

Gananoque, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Please renew my subscription to the 'Northern Messenger.' I might add just here that your little paper is the most welcome visitor we have each week. Its solid temperance principles and its clean elevating pages are a

Cancer Can Be Cured.

Not by the knife or the barbarous burning plaster, but by soothing, balmy Oils. Not a late discovery, but successfully used for the past 12 years. More successful than all other treatments combined. Convincing books sent free to those interested. Address DR. D. M. BYE CO., Drawer 105, Dept. 418, Indianapolis, Ind. (The originators of the Oil Cure.) (11)

$12 WOMEN'S WINTER SUITS $4.50

MADE TO ORDER. Suits to $15.00. Jackets, Raincoats, Waists and Skirts at manufacturers' prices.
Send for Samples, Cloths and Fashions to No. 1.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Canada.

THE BABY'S OWN

LADIES' Fancy Mercerized Girdle and our Catalogue of Bargains sent *free* for five 2c stamps. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., Dept. L, London, Ont.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

SPECIAL DIAMOND JUBILEE CLUB OFFERS.

We want each reader to send us one of the clubs below.

If each reader accomplished this, and we are sure it is possible to almost everyone—then our publications would have the largest circulation of any in the Dominion, and we would make a number of improvements without delay—improvements that each reader would immediately recognize and appreciate.

Four Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' separately addressed, worth $1.60, for only **$1.00,** three of whom must be new subscribers.

One Subscription each to the 'Northern Messenger' and 'Daily Witness,' ..... worth $3.40, for only **$3.10**

" " " " " " " 'Weekly " ..... " $1.40 " **$1.20**

" " " " " " " 'World-Wide,' ..... " $1.90 " **$1.75**

" " " " 'World Wide,' 'Weekly Witness' and 'Northern Messenger,' " $2.90 " **$2.20**

SAMPLES FREE—Agents and Club Raisers will get further information and samples on application.

NOTE. — These rates will be subject to our usual postal regulations, as follows:—POSTAGE INCLUDED for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Barbadoes, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus; also to the United States, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands. POSTAGE EXTRA to all countries not named in the foregoing list, as follows: 'Daily Witness,' $3.50 extra; 'Weekly Witness,' $1 extra; 'Northern Messenger,' 50c extra; 'World Wide,' subscription price, including postage to foreign countries, only $1.50.

Note—Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between these and the above club rate to cover their expenses.

Note—One's own subscription does not count in this offer because it does not require canvassing.

Note—Those working for other premiums will not benefit by these offers.

Note—To stimulate further effort, and as some will find it easy to get more than three or four subscribers, we will in addition to the foregoing remarkable offers, commencing November 15th, 1905, and until further notice, award each day to the subscriber sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for our various publications on that day,

OUR RED LETTER COLORED PLATE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.

These Bibles would appear to be good value at four dollars each.

If there should happen to be a tie for the largest amount in any given day the premium will be awarded to the one farthest away, because his remittance will have been mailed earlier than the other.

NOTE.— Sunday-School Clubs for the 'Messenger' will not count under this offer because they are not secured individually; because usually no one in particular is properly entitled to the premium; and because they are generally large, and to include them would only discourage those working up small individual lists. Neither will remittances count from news agents, from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications.

Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above Club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions and fifty percent (one half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending Five dollars or more at a time.

NOTE.—New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in homes where they have been taken.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

credit to the publishers. Yours truly,
C. H. CLENDENNING.

Durham, Nova Scotia.

Dear Sirs,—I like your papers very much—all of them—and would like to have them circulated everywhere throughout the Dominion of Canada. Their influence would be immense, and undoubtedly good for the individual, the family, and the whole people. I trust your 'Diamond Jubilee' year may be the most prosperous in the history of the 'Witness.' I send herewith renewal for the 'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger' for 1906. Sincerely yours, J. R. COFFIN.

Cowansville, Que.

Dear Sirs,—The 'Witness' has been taken in our home for nearly thirty-five years. Its pages are free from much news and advertisements that make so many papers unfit reading for the home. The 'Witness' is doing a good work in the world, and may success crown its future efforts as it has the past. Respectfully yours,
GEO. E. FORD.

Minnedosa, Man.

Dear Sirs,—I most heartily congratulate you on your attaining your Diamond Jubilee. The Montreal 'Witness' was a welcome guest in my father's family fully forty years ago. On attaining a home for myself I have been a constant subscriber and reader of the same. When my first child could read I placed the 'Northern Messenger' in his hands. It has ever since been a welcome friend with my children. I rejoice in the success of both papers and heartily recommend them to others. Yours truly.
HENRY ROSE.

Toyama, Japan.

Dear Sirs,—Congratulations on the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee. Since about my tenth year some publication from your office has come regularly to my home. First, my father ordered the 'Northern Messenger.' Next it was the 'Weekly Witness.' During my days of school teaching I took the 'Daily Witness.' I kept it up as a pastor till coming to Japan, when I changed to the 'Weekly Witness.' Of all the twenty odd periodicals that come to our house none can take the place of the 'Witness.' There is something in it every time for everybody. I trust it may long continue to influence for good the homes and institutions of our dear Canada.

Yours truly,
R. W. PRUDHAM.

Magnetawan, Jan. 12.

Gentlemen,—In renewing my subscription for the 'Witness' and ten copies of the 'Northern Messenger' for our Sunday-school, I wish to add my hearty congratulations to the many you are receiving on this the 'Diamond Jubilee' of the 'Witness.' I have been a reader of the 'Witness' for over thirty-five years. I appreciate it very highly. It speaks for itself. Yours very truly.
ROBERT GRAHAM.

ONE-SYLLABLE SERIES
For Young Readers.

Embracing popular works arranged for the young folks in words of one syllable. Printed from extra large, clear type, on fine paper, and fully illustrated by the best artists. The handsomest line of books for young children before the public.

Handsomely bound in cloth and gold, illuminated sides.

1. Aesop's Fables, 62 illustrations. 2. A Child's Life of Christ, 49 illustrations. 4. The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. 70 illustrations. 5. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 46 illustrations. 6. Swiss Family Robinson. 50 illustrations. 7. Gulliver's Travels, 50 illustrations. 9. A Child's Story of the Old Testament, 33 illustrations. 10. A Child's Story of the New Testament, 40 illustration. 11. Bible Stories for Little Children, 41 illustrations. 12. The Story of Jesus, 40 illustrations.

Every subscriber sending his own subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' with two new subscriptions at 40 cents each, or $1.20 in all, will entitle the sender to a choice of one of these most interesting books.

OUR BEST CLUB.

'Northern Messenger' and
The 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian Homestead.

The above papers are sent to one address every week for only $1.20. Try them for a year.

Those who receive the 'Northern Messenger' through their Sunday School may have the benefit of this reduced rate by remitting eighty cents and the forty cent coupon herewith making $1.20 in all for the above papers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
'Witness' Building, Montreal.

THIS COUPON IS WORTH FORTY CENTS
As I get the 'Northern Messenger' through our Sunday school I am entitled to enjoy the benefit of the attached club at $1.20. I, therefore, enclose this coupon and eighty cents to secure the 'Weekly Witness' and Canadian Homestead' for one year and so complete my club.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
POST OFFICE .....

A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subscription—and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

"DIN."

The New Game DIN

Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a barnyard.

The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game.

Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who send $1.60 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.

A Trip Around the World

BY MEANS OF

Laughable, Interesting and Beautiful Colored Views.

from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

By an arrangement with the manufacturers, we are able to purchase this handsome Outfit at a price that permits us to make our readers a very liberal premium proposition. This Outfit consists of the following:

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar holding the views, and with a potent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture—and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us $4.00 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers. For every subscription short of required number add 25c each.

OUTFIT NO. 2.—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lense used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2½ x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2½ x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the colorings. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number add 25c cash. That is, if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under eight pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best cartoons on the most important events of the year.

ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

With Lambrequin Throwover.

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlock edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 60 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an Introduction by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., for children, and its many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers has proved that even from earliest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet Story of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5½x7½ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book, post paid, for only three subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or the books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac.
'The Farmer'—The Story of Jacob.
'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.
'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.
'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.
'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.
'The Boy Who Would be King' — The Story of Absalom.
'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.
'The Boy Jesus.'

NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 34 by 31 inches. This Set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlook edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The complete Set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40c each.